

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 11, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

BEN HOGAN SAYS: YOU CAN PLAY IN THE 70s!

The first of five lessons
by the greatest golfer
of our time

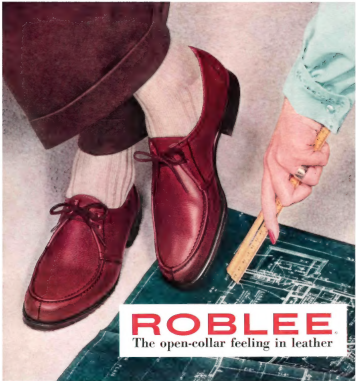
THE MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF

BY BEN HOGAN

WITH
HERBERT WARREN WIND
AND
ANTHONY RAVELLI



"The average golfer is entirely capable of building a correct, powerful swing that will repeat. I see no reason why he shouldn't play in the 70s"



ROBLEE
The open-collar feeling in leather

The Moritz—a dressy leisure shoe
designed to take the wrinkle out

Here you see how the right new design can make a classic moc style even better.

The light, lithe Moritz is built on a special new last so it goes with your step *without unsightly wrinkling!* And notice the neat rounded slimness up front on this

shoe—and the new Carino soft textured leather.

Like every Roblee, the Moritz gives you the famous "open-collar feeling"—a supple combination of leather and design that

makes Roblee as flexible as your foot.

Why not try a pair and see what we mean? In Brown, Black or Sustain. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

by **ROBLEE** 1395

Other Roblee shoes, made in Italy
Guaranteed to give you comfort



March 11, 1967

Memo to Advertisers:

This memo is one about growth.

In 1966, the weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED grew by a total of 399 advertising pages over 1965. This was pretty nearly the largest page gain in all magazine publishing, and our percentage gain over 1965 -- 54% -- was the largest, according to Publishers Information Bureau.

Below, I would like to list some of the P.I.B. classifications in which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's growth was particularly gratifying. (I think you will agree that it is in these very industries that the buying influence of the "enthusiastic," sports-minded man and his family is having its most immediate effect.)

<u>Classification</u>	<u>SI advertising pages</u>		<u>SI's percentage growth, '66 over '65</u>
	<u>1965</u>	<u>1966</u>	
Apparel, Footwear and Accessories	171	305	78%
(Men's Apparel	144	239	66%)
Men's Footwear	38	58	53%)
Automotive, Automotive Accessories & Equipment	115	134	17%
Travel, Hotels & Resorts	38	68	79%
Beer, Wine, & Liquor	76	170	124%
Sporting Goods & Toys	119	164	38%

All indications (meaning, primarily, orders now on the books compared with the same period last year) are that at least these same gains, and possibly even bigger ones, are in store for us in 1967.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director

P.S. For the P.I.B. record on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's performance in other major industry classifications, see the back pages of this memo.

Billy Pierce took a shower... ..then he used Vitalis



Pitcher Billy Pierce rarely goes to the shower before the game ends.

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

"Spring training can be rough on your hair," says the star left-hander of the Chicago White Sox. "Lots of hot Florida sun, lots of showers. That's why I use Vitalis every day. If my pitching arm stays in as good shape as my hair and scalp, I'll be playing ball in 1957."

It's as simple as that. Vitalis makes hair easy to manage. Yet you never have a greasy look because Vitalis contains V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. What's more, Vitalis provides superb protection against dry hair and scalp.

Try new Vitalis soon (tomorrow, for instance).

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF WALTON LABORATORIES



Knowledgeable people buy Imperial
—and they buy it by the case

Whiskey by Hiram Walker
BLENDED WHISKY • 84 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKY, 4 YEARS OF MORE OLD • 10% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Illustrations by THE LEO RAY & THE TWO



COVER: BEN HOGAN
Drawing by Anthony Ravelli

Advertisement in page 13

The concentration and dedication shown here have helped make Ben Hogan one of the greatest athletes of modern times. Ben Hogan is more than an athlete; he also is a scientist, a man who has analyzed the game of golf as no one ever has before. For the happy result, see page 8.

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THE MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF BY BEN HOGAN 9

In the first of five lessons, the greatest golfer of our time discusses the basic grip which, he says, can help the average player reach the 70s. With HERBERT WARREN WINE, and drawings by ANTHONY RAVELLI

SPECTACLE: PATTERNS ON HARDWOOD 20

Baseball as you've never seen it, in four pages of COLOR pictures by ILY FORDIN with text by JEREMIAH TAY

NOR HEAT NOR RAIN STAYS THE RITES OF SPRING 34

In all kinds of southern weather cravens rookies are again trying to steal jobs from the old warriors of baseball

SKIING'S HIGH-FLYING HOLMENKOLLEN 46

The big jump in COLOR by DAVID MOKER, the big event in Oslo by the Footloose Spectator, HORACE SUTTON

BOLD RULER—AND A WESTERNER—RUN TO FAME 52

From Hissack and Santa Anita WHITNEY TOWNE and JAMES MURRAY assess Saturday's classics

BASEBALL'S LEGAL UMBRELLA IS LEAKING 54

That's the meaning of the Supreme Court decision which ruled pro football subject to the antitrust laws. GERALD HOLLAND analyzes the issues facing baseball and other professional sports

EXCALIBUR: THE STEELHEAD 58

The great game fish of the Pacific Coast, brilliant and wild, is memorably portrayed by PAUL O'NEIL

THE DEPARTMENTS

• COMING EVENTS 6	• THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 11	• SNOW PATROL 16
• NOTED 7	• SCOREBOARD 18	• THE 13TH HOLE 27
• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 25	• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 42	• PAT ON THE BACK 53

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

SHOULD TENNIS BE OPEN—OR SHUT?

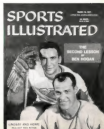
Richard Phelan presents Pro Champ Pancho Gonzales and William F. Tolkert tells why amateurs should be allowed to play him

THE RED WINGS' GREAT WINGS

A look at Lindsay and Howe, top-scoring combination in hockey after a decade



PLUS THE SECOND LESSON BY BEN HOGAN: ON STANCE AND POSTURE



Haven't lost a horse
in 30,000 MILES!



IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO **CALL** FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT **ALL** DEALERS



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All-Weather Elegance – It Makes Sense!

Rain, sun, cold, Alligator is the coat you'll live in. Here is the comfort, the flare, the drape, the fabric luxury that lets you step out looking your best. Choose from luxurious outerwear to feather-light rainwear—all water repellent or waterproof, from \$9.50 to \$49.75. Show: Alligator Platium Label, the crispest of gabardines in sleek, smooth, extra fine all wool worsted. \$49.75.

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Publisher	Ray E. Laton

Managing Editor..... Sidney L. James

**Assistant
Managing Editors** { Richard W. Johnston
 { Andre Laguerre
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Associate Editors
Jeanne Seyler (Art Director), Perry Knauth (Artists), Robert Crasmer, Andrew Crikorian, Gerald Holland, Martin Kase, Paul O'Neil, Fred H. Smith, Whitney Tower, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alfed Wright.

Staff Writers
Kara Swarth, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman,
Thomas H. Liebowitzer, Hamilton B. Maule,
Ira Parker, Richard C. Phelan, Cokes Phinley,
Kenneth Sadwin, Elaine S. Sant, Dorothy
Stall, Jeremiah Taz, Roy Terrell, Jo Abern
201.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PICTURE EDITOR: Donald Acker.
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Richard Meek, John G. Zimmerman, ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Marr, Ron Schalen.

Nepotism
 Honor Fitzpatrick (Chief); Harold Alexander
 Elizabeth Berglund; Walter Bingham, Betty
 Evelyn, Gwyneth S. Brown, Mary Jane Rodgers
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Henry J. Ramsey
Editorial Assistants
Gilda Grieco, Sherry Kern, Eleonore Milesovic
Morton Shustlik

Administrative Assistant
Maureen Davis

Production
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Publisher: H. H. S. Phillips Jr.
Advertising Manager: William W. Holman

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WHY Mike Souchak came off the Oak Hill course at Rochester last year after playing the first two rounds of the Open with Ben Hogan, he said, "Ben obviously knows something about hitting the golf ball that the rest of us don't." This, of course, was not a sudden revelation to Souchak or his golf-wise audience and Souchak didn't mean it to be. It was simply his way of catching his breath over the consistently brilliant golf, and the profound study and understanding which lie behind it, of the man he had just been playing with.

The particular something that Hogan knows he begins to tell in this issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, with the first of the five parts of *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf*. This instructional series is the sifting of everything Hogan has learned during his years of competitive golf, years which include an era already identified by historians as The Age of Hogan. It is also the outcome of 19 months of collaboration with Anthony Ravielli and



LEFT TO RIGHT: WIND, HOGAN AND RAVIELLI

Herbert Warren Wind, whose special abilities suited to a tee the accomplishment of the project Hogan set for himself.

Ravielli, who has illustrated each of the 113 TIME men's Ties for which have so far appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, has also illustrated a number of technical books on anatomy. This, along with an insatiable appetite for golf, made Ravielli exactly right for rendering Hogan's descriptions of the exact physical actions in the golf swing with the kind of drawings which tell the story as photographs never could. Wind, for his part, from his background as golfer, golf editor and golf writer, worked to draw out and assemble all of Hogan's ideas and make them most easily intelligible in print. "The success of the collaboration," says Wind, "rested on the fact that Hogan, as all who know him can testify, picks his words as carefully as he picks his clubs."

At one of their last meetings, after Hogan went over final proofs on the series, he told Wind and Ravielli, "I wish I could have known as a boy what I know today. I would have been a better golfer, and just because of that I would have enjoyed the game even more than I have. One thing the series should do for anyone playing now—enable him to enjoy the game more."

Hogan has always met the constant challenge of improvement and has understood that no matter what level you reach, it is possible to do better. He is sure that golfers will go on to develop new knowledge and improved techniques.

It is safe to say, I think, that when they do they will recognize as their stopping-off place what is at present the last word on the subject: *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf*, whose first word begins on page 14.

Anthony Ravielli

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



BOB HANSON, jet test pilot, wears Jantzen's Club Skin of fine combed Cotton yarns knit in smooth, colorful jersey, Sun-and-water-treated colors. S-M-L, \$4.95. Paired with Jantzen "Off Duty" walkers, sizes 38-44, \$2.95; 44-52, \$4.95. Other walkers from \$2.95. At leading stores.

Jantzen
sportswear for sportswomen

Jantzen Inc., Portland 3, Oregon

Unusual Things is sweet on

TRIBUNO

Vermouth



*a good mixer
a always welcome!*

Do drinking in
"BARBECUE"
in Cambridge,
Canton by Canton,
Belmont by
United Artists.

Between motion pictures, this outstanding picture enjoys the role of hostess... she knows what Tribuno Vermouth can do for a sweet Manhattan! Next time you mix a Manhattan be sure it's with Tribuno Vermouth!



SWEET OR DRY

TRIBUNO

"21" Brands, Inc.

Sole agents in U.S.A., 22 West 52nd St., New York 19, N.Y.



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions:

What athletes in real life would you nominate as the equal of Frank Merriwell, the fabulous Yale athlete of fiction? (Asked at conference of American College Public Relations Association)

STEVE REZDERIAN



*Director of
Public Relations
Yale*

For the few who don't know Frank Merriwell, he was the athlete who'd pull the fat out of the fire and win for Yale every time and in every sport. If you want a Yale man as his parallel, my choice is Clint Frank. I've watched Clint in my teens. He did everything in the Frank Merriwell manner.

MORACE HEWLETT



*Director of
Public Relations
Amherst*

My choice is Charley Drew, formerly of Amherst. A Negro track and football star, he did everything naturally. He later became a professor at Howard University and supervised New York's blood bank for Great Britain in World War II. Of course, if you want a Yale man, it's Abbie Booth.

MRS. MARY LOUISE REEDER



*Vice-president of
Brown University
for Publicity*

Babe Didrikson. *Amherst*. No woman or man could perform as superlatively as an all-around athlete, not in just one sport but in every sport. She showed great courage at all times. With all her ability, she was modest and likable. Presumably any other college would be proud of her as an alumna.

JEFF WYLIE



*Public Relations
Director
MIT*

Betty Wood of Harvard. He was Phi Beta Kappa, president of his class, a fine All-America quarterback, a hockey and basketball letterman and on the Harvard-Yale tennis team that competed in England. He was the only unanimous choice for Sports Illustrated's Silver Anniversary All-American.

BICK DYER



*Director of
Public Relations
Colby College*

"Colby Jack" Combs, up a collegian, then as a professional and as a coach at Williams, Princeton and Duke. Shortly after graduation, he pitched and was hit Philadelphia one of the two longest games in American League history, 24 innings. He also won three World Series games in five days.

ROBERT P. OXMAN



*Vice-president
Boston University*

A Greek key at Boston University earned Harry Agardis. In football he was tops. And he was outstanding academically. He played first base for the Red Sox. Unfortunately he died prematurely. Interestingly enough, he was killed once for the kind of man he was. They called him The Golden Greek.

ROBERT ANDERSON



*Assistant to
President
Clark University*

Years ago there was only one such man—Jim Thorpe. It's a lot different today. There are several athletes that I can name who can rival Frank Merriwell and even Jim Thorpe. Among them are Bob Mathias, Jesse Owens, Milt Campbell, Bobby Morrison and Dave Barna.

CHARLES ADKINS



*Vice-president
Hunting College*

Jim Thorpe, the greatest athlete of our generation and, quite possibly, the greatest of all time. He did more than was credited to Frank Merriwell, and he did it for the record books. Everyone knows he was one of football's greatest and also one of the finest all-around Olympic stars.

BRUCE HYNDMAN



*Director of
Development
Princeton College*

Bennie Boynton of Williams College, a Walter Camp All-America quarterback and an all-around athlete. Singlehandedly, I saw him hold Harvard 6-0 for a whole half. He was a very fine passer. Everyone liked him. He won every home at Williams, including the presidency of his class.

WENT WEEK:

Are you in accord with the Top Tenmen late in season football pollset? Asked of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Silver Anniversary All-Americans



1. Your DuPont nylon cord gives you extra protection and safety against blowouts. Because that's why DuPont nylon cord is the strongest tire cord ever made. Nylon cord resists wear and tear much better than ordinary cotton. The strength of nylon cord has been proven in billions of miles of use by safety-conscious truckers.



2. Here on the highway is where a weak cord tire is most likely to give out. Nylon cord shrugs off the day-after-day punishment a tire takes, gives you protection and confidence. The lasting strength of nylon cord tires has been proven in billions of miles of use by safety-conscious truckers.

For today's horsepowers and highways, you need tires with the lasting strength and safety of nylon cord

Now for today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, there are modern tires with the added safety only nylon can give. Nylon cord protects against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence in your tires.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS



1. **BRUISE DAMAGE** caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives extra safety mile after mile.



2. **WEAR** caused by rough roads or cuts in the rubber weakens ordinary cord, causes uneven damage. Nylon ends blowouts due to protruding damage because nylon can't rot nylon cord.



3. **FLAT SPOTS** that occur every time a tire turns can lead to blowouts, lead to premature failure. Nylon's extra strength against flat spots against the fatigue, protects against this cause of blowout.



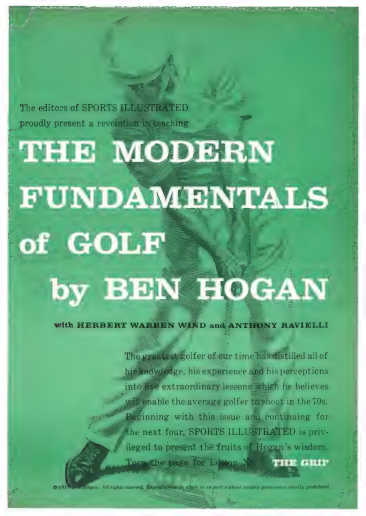
4. **SHARP CUTS** caused by stones, nails, etc., lead to blowouts. Nylon protects two ways: it has greater heat resistance—also makes driving easier. That's why DU PONT tires are made with nylon.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The safest, strongest tires that you can have on your car are made with nylon cord

Visit Du Pont Stores, Tire Shops, ABC Service, P.O. BOX



The editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
proudly present a revolution in teaching

THE MODERN FUNDAMENTALS of GOLF by BEN HOGAN

with HERBERT WARREN WIND and ANTHONY RAVIELLI

The greatest golfer of our time has distilled all of his knowledge, his experience and his perceptions into five extraordinary lessons which he believes will enable the average golfer to shoot in the 70s. Beginning with this issue and continuing for the next four, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is privileged to present the fruits of Hogan's wisdom.

Turn the page for Lesson 1.

THE GRIP

THE GRIP

Good golf begins with a good grip. Both hands must be on the club absolutely correctly in order to function as a single cohesive unit

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when I was 19, I became a professional golfer. I suppose that if I fed the right pieces of data to one of our modern "electronic brain" machines it would perform a few gyrations and shortly afterwards inform me as to how many hundreds of thousands of shots I have hit on practice fairways, how many thousands of shots I have struck in competition, how many times I have taken three putts when there was absolutely no reason for doing so, and all the rest of it. Like most professional golfers, I have a tendency to remember my poor shots a shade more vividly than the good ones—the one or two per round, seldom more, which come off exactly as I intend they should.

However, having worked hard on my golf with all the mentality and all the physical resources available to me, I have managed to play some very good shots at very important stages of major tournaments. To cite one example which many of my friends remember with particular fondness—and I, too, for that matter—in 1950 at Merion, I needed a 4 on the 12nd to tie for first in the Open. To get that 4 I needed to hit an elusive, well-trapped, slightly plateaued green from about 200 yards out. There are easier shots in golf. I went with a two-iron and played what was in my honest judgment one of the best shots of my last round, perhaps one of the best I played during the tournament. The ball took off on a line for the left-center of the green, held its line firmly, bounced on the front edge of the green, and finished some 40 feet from the cup. It was all I could have asked for. I then got down in two putts for my 4, and this enabled me to enter the playoff for the title which I was thankful to win the following day.

I bring up this incident not for the pleasure of retasting the sweetness of a "big moment" but, rather, because I have discovered in many conversations that the view I take of this shot (and others like it) is markedly different from the view most spectators seem to have formed. They are inclined to glorify the actual shot since it was hit in a pressureful situation. They tend to think of it as something unique in itself, something almost inspired, you might say, since the shot was just what the occasion called for. I don't see it that way at all. I didn't hit that

shot then—that late afternoon at Merion. I'd been practicing that shot since I was 12 years old. After all, the point of tournament golf is to get command of a swing which, the more pressure you put on it, the better it works.

In some important respects, tournament golf and golf are as foreign to each other as ice hockey and tennis. In other respects they're not: the professional shooting for his livelihood on the circuit (with his pride, some pleasure, and thousands of dollars at stake) and the average golfer trying to produce his best game on weekends (with his pride, his pleasure, and a dollar Nassau at stake) are both searching to master the movements that will result in a repeating swing—A CORRECT, POWERFUL, REPEATING SWING. This can be stated categorically: it is utterly impossible for any golfer to play good golf without a swing that will repeat.

How then do you build a swing that you can depend on to repeat in all kinds of wind and weather, under all kinds of pressures and pressure? Having devoted the bulk of my waking hours (and a few of my sleeping hours) for a quarter of a century to the pursuit of the answer, I now believe that what I have learned can be of tremendous assistance to all golfers. That is my reason for undertaking this series of instruction articles. I do not propose to dwell in theory. What I have learned I have learned by laborious trial and error, watching a good player do something that looked right to me, stumbling across something that felt right to me, experimenting with that something to see if it helped or hindered, adapting it if it helped, refining it sometimes, discarding it if it didn't help, sometimes discarding it later if it proved undependable in competition, experimenting occasionally with new ideas and old ideas and all manner of variations until I arrived at a set of fundamentals that appeared to me to be right because they accomplished a very definite purpose, a set of fundamentals which proved to me they were right because they stood up and produced under all kinds of pressure. To put it briefly, the information I will be presenting is a sifting of the knowledge I've tried to acquire since I first met up with golf when I was 12 and knew, almost immediately, I wanted to make the game my lifework.

continued



A golfer's power is originated and generated by the movements of the body. This power is transferred from the player's body to his arms and then to his hands. It multiplies itself enormously with every transfer, like a chain action in physics

Up to a considerable point, as I see it, there's nothing difficult about golf, nothing. I see no reason, truly, why the average golfer, if he goes about it intelligently, shouldn't play in the 70s—and I mean by playing the type of shots a fine golfer plays. Somehow most average golfers get it into their head that they can't play a "long shot"—correctly, that they haven't got the skill or coordination to execute a full swing. Putting or chipping, that's another story. The average golfer feels he can cope pretty successfully with those parts of the game—all they require is a short swing. In my opinion, the average golfer underestimates himself. He has all the physical equipment he needs to execute the full golf swing and his full shots. A full swing is nothing more or less than an extension of the short swing. Like everything, it takes some learning, but learning the correct movements is 10 times less difficult than he thinks. In fact, once you are on the right track in golf, doing things the right way takes a lot less effort than the wrong way does.

I realize that in some ways I can be a demanding man and that some things are harder for certain people to do than I may appreciate, but it really cuts me up to watch some golfer sweating over his shots on the practice tee, throwing away his energy to no constructive purpose, nine times out of 10 doing the same thing wrong he did years and years back when he first took up golf. This sort of golfer obviously loves the game or he wouldn't be out there practicing it. I cannot watch him long. His frustration—all that fruitless expenditure of energy—really bothers me. If he stands out there on the practice tee till he's 80, he's not going to improve. He's going to get worse and worse because he's going to get his bad habits more and more deeply ingrained. I know that thousands of golfers console themselves with the game's being an avenue to exercise and companionship—which is wonderful—but every golfer, at the bottom of his heart, wants to play the game relatively well. To do that takes some application, some thought, some effort, but the golfer who goes about this wisely will play good golf and should go on to enjoy his golf increasingly the rest of his life. The greatest pleasure is obtained by improving.

Before we commence the instruction, let me tell you more specifically what we will be doing and what we hope to accomplish. To begin with, the series will comprise five articles, this the first, and they will appear in consecutive weeks. The idea behind this is something like that of a correspondence course: each week we will be presenting the golfer-reader with one or two fundamentals for him to practice and become well acquainted with so that he will be building a progressively sound foundation on which the ensuing fundamentals can be added. The golfer who devotes a half hour daily to practicing the points we will be bringing out during these five lessons will, I believe, improve his game and his scoring immediately and decisively. The degree of improvement his game will show will vary with the quality of each individual's application. By continuing to practice and apply these fundamentals, the golfer will continue to improve his game—quite often, far beyond his fondest dreams. I do genuinely believe this: **THE AVERAGE GOLFER IS ENTIRELY CAPABLE OF BUILDING A REPEATING SWING AND BREAKING 80, if he learns to perform a small number of correct movements and conversely, it follows, eliminates a lot of movements which tend to keep the swing from repeating.** In this series we will certainly not be attempting to cover

all of golf or even one-hundredth of that almost inexhaustible subject. What we will be concerning ourselves with are the facts of golf which have proved themselves to be the true fundamentals—fundamentals that can be checked and not simply left to the imagination or to guesswork. This is all that is really needed.

In the opinion of friends of mine who are out-and-out traditionalists, many of my ideas on the golf swing are quite revolutionary. Some of them are, I believe. As I see it, some measures long esteemed to be of paramount importance in the golf swing are really not important at all. On the other hand, certain other measures that have been considered to be of only secondary importance (or of no importance at all) strike me as being invaluable—to be, in fact, the true fundamentals of the modern golf swing. Another thing. I am an advocate of that kind of teaching which stresses the exact nature and feel of the movements a player makes to achieve the result he wants. If you were teaching a child how to open a door, you wouldn't open the door for him and then describe at length how the door looked when it was open. No, you would teach him how to turn the doorknob so that he could open the door himself. Similarly, in this series our method will stress what you do to achieve the result you're after. The actions that cause the result—these are the true fundamentals of golf. For all the personal touches and mannerisms which are part of their individual styles, I have never seen a great player whose method of striking the ball did not include the fundamentals we will emphasize. Otherwise—it is as simple as that—that golfer could not be a great player.



GOOD GOLF BEGINS WITH A GOOD GRIP. This statement, I realize, packs as much explosive punch as announcing the starting fact that the battery in baseball is composed of a pitcher and a catcher. Moreover, for most golfers the grip is the drabdest part of the swing. There's no glamour to it. They see it accomplishing nothing active, nothing decisive. On the other hand, for myself and other serious golfers there is an undeniable beauty in the way a fine player sets his hands on the club. Walter Hagen, for instance, had a beautiful grip, delicate and at the same time powerful. It always looked to me as if Hagen's hands had been especially designed to fit on a golf club. Of the younger players today, Jack Burke gets his hands on the club very handsomely. No doubt a professional golfer's admiration for an impressive grip comes from his knowledge that, far from being a static "still life" sort of thing,

the grip is the heartbeat of the action of the golf swing.

Logically, it has to be. The player's only contact with the ball is through the clubhead, and his only direct physical contact with the club is through his hands. In the golf swing, the power is originated and generated by the movements of the body. As this power builds up, it is transferred from the body to the arms, which in turn transfer it through the hands to the clubhead. It multiplies itself enormously with every transfer, like a chain action in physics. Or, to use a more familiar example, think of the children's game of snap-the-whip where the element at the end of the chain (on golf, the clubhead) is going thousands of times faster than the element which originated the velocity. This chain action depends on a proper grip. With a defective grip, a golfer cannot hold the club securely at the top of the backswing—the club will fly out of control every time. And if the club is not controlled by a proper grip, the power a golfer generates with his body never reaches the club through his hands on the downswing, and the clubhead cannot be accelerated to its maximum.

The standard grip is the overlapping grip. It has been for over half a century now, ever since Harry Vardon popularized it both in Great Britain and here in America. Up to now we haven't found a grip that promotes as effective a union between the body and the club. One of these days a better one may come along, but until it does, we've got to stick with this one. In a good grip both hands act as ONE UNIT. They can't if you grip the club almost correctly—which really means partially incorrectly. To cite the most common illustration, a right-handed player (whose left hand naturally is much less powerful than his right) kills any chance for a cooperative union of both hands if his right hand is dominant from the start or if it can assume dominance in the middle of the swing and take the whole swing over. One essential, then, to insure yourself a firm two-handed grip is to get your left hand on the club absolutely correctly. Here's how I would advise you to do it:

WITH THE BACK OF YOUR LEFT HAND FACING THE TARGET (AND THE CLUB IN THE GENERAL POSITION IT WOULD BE IN AT ADDRESS) PLACE THE CLUB IN THE LEFT HAND SO THAT 1) THE SHAFT IS PRESSED UP UNDER THE MUSCULAR PAD AT THE INSIDE HEEL OF THE PALM, AND 2) THE SHAFT ALSO LIES DIRECTLY ACROSS THE TOP JOINT OF THE FOREFINGER. (The accompanying drawing will clarify this for you. I think you will find that whatever subsequent difficulties may arise from the necessarily involved language of instruction will be resolved by the drawings.)



CROOK THE FOREFINGER AROUND THE SHAFT AND YOU WILL DISCOVER THAT YOU CAN LIFT THE CLUB AND MAINTAIN A FAIRLY FIRM GRIP ON IT BY SUPPORTING IT JUST WITH THE MUSCLES OF THAT FINGER AND THE MUSCLES OF THE PAD OF THE PALM.



NOW JUST CLOSE THE LEFT HAND—CLOSE THE FINGERS BEFORE YOU CLOSE THE THUMB—AND THE CLUB WILL BE JUST WHERE IT SHOULD BE.



Above: two views of the completed left-hand grip. The main pressure points are the last three fingers.

TO GAIN A REAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH THIS PREPARATORY GUIDE TO CORRECT GRIPPING, I WOULD SUGGEST PRACTICING IT FIVE OR 10 MINUTES A DAY FOR A WEEK UNTIL IT BEGINS TO BECOME SECOND NATURE.

When a golfer has completed his left-hand grip, the V formed by the thumb and forefinger should point to his right eye. The total pressure of all the fingers should not be any stronger (and may even be a little less strong) than the pressure exerted by just the forefinger and the palm pad in the preparatory guiding action. In the completed grip, the main pressure points are the last three fingers, with the forefinger and the palm pad adding assisting pressure. The three fingers press up, the pad presses down, and the shaft is locked in between. Keeping pressure on the shaft with the palm pad does three things: it strengthens the left arm throughout the swing; as the top of the backswing, the pressure from this pad prevents the club from slipping from the player's grasp; and it acts as a firm reinforcement at impact.

This pressure we are speaking of should be "active," the kind of pressure that makes your hand feel alive and ready for action. Some golfers grab hold of a club so ferociously they look like they're going to twist the grip right off it. There's no need for overdoing the strength of your grip. In fact, there's a positive harm in it: you automatically tighten the cords in the left arm and render it as stiff, so dead that it will be unable to hear your requests and give you a muscular response when you start your swing. Too tight a grip will also immobilize your wrist. A secure, alive, and comfortable grip is what you want, for, as the weighted clubhead is swung back, your fingers instinctively tighten their grasp on the shaft.



Left-hand grip at top of backswing



Two anatomical views showing the muscular structure of left hand



The grip of the right hand, since it is the hand that does the overlapping, is more complicated. If setting up a strong, correct left hand is one half of the job of establishing a one-unit grip, the other half is getting your right hand in a position to perform its share of the work but no more than its equal share. This means, in effect, subduing the natural tendency of the right forefinger and thumb to take charge. If they do, they'll ruin you. The "pinch fingers," the forefinger and thumb, are wonderful for performing countless tasks in daily living such as opening doors and picking up coffee cups, but they are no good at all in helping you to build a good grip and a good swing. The explanation behind this is that the muscles of the right forefinger and thumb connect with the very powerful set of muscles that run along the outside of the right arm and elbow to the right shoulder. If you work the tips of the thumb and forefinger together and apply any considerable amount of pressure, you automatically activate those muscles of the right arm and shoulder—and those are not the muscles you want to use in the golf swing. Using them is what breeds so many golfers who never swing with both hands working together, who lurch back and then lurch into the ball, all right arm and right shoulder and all wrong.

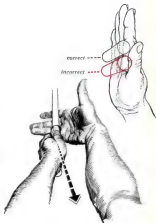
TO OBTAIN THE PROPER GRIP WITH THE RIGHT HAND, HOLD IT SOMEWHAT EXTENDED, WITH THE PALM FACING YOUR TARGET. NOW—YOUR LEFT HAND IS ALREADY CORRECTLY AFFIXED—PLACE THE CLUB IN YOUR RIGHT HAND SO THAT THE SHAFT LIES ACROSS THE TOP JOINT OF THE FOUR FINGERS AND DEFINITELY BELOW THE PALM.



As the drawing above shows, the club lies across the top joint of the fingers of the right hand. The two middle fingers (see drawing below) supply the major part of the pressure



Right-hand grip is in the fingers, not the palm. The V of correct left-hand grip (in palm and finger grip) should point to golfer's right eye



THE RIGHT-HAND GRIP IS A FINGER GRIP. THE TWO FINGERS WHICH SHOULD APPLY MOST OF THE PRESSURE ARE THE TWO MIDDLE FINGERS. As we have mentioned, the forefinger shouldn't be allowed to become too forceful. As for the little finger, it slides up and over the forefinger of the left hand and locks itself securely in the groove between the left forefinger and the big finger. NOW, WITH THE CLUB HELD FIRMLY IN THE FINGERS OF YOUR RIGHT HAND, SIMPLY FOLD YOUR RIGHT HAND OVER YOUR LEFT THUMB—that is how I like to think of it. When you have folded the right hand over, the right thumb should ride down the left side of the shaft, slightly.

If there is one major consideration to keep uppermost in your mind about the right hand, it is that the club must be in the fingers and not in the palm. In order to get a check on the ball with backspin or to cut the ball up with a nice underspin and to do many other things with the ball, the ball must be hit sharp and crisp, and you can achieve this only if the club is in the fingers of the right hand. Furthermore, a proper right-hand grip will enable the player to transmit the greatest amount of speed to the clubhead. Controlled speed is what we want, and you can get this control only from the fingers, not from the right hand itself.

continued

A word more about the little finger of the right hand. While it has been approved practice for quite some time to let the little finger ride sort of piggyback on top of the left forefinger, I would really advise you to hook that little finger in the groove between the forefinger and the big finger. It helps to keep the hands from slipping apart. It also gives me the good feeling that my hands are knitted vigorously together.



A word further about the thumb area of the right hand. To promote a right-hand grip that is strong where it should be strong (and which will then more than offset the dangerous tendency to let the tips of thumb and forefinger work like a pincer), I recommend the golfer-reader to cultivate the following habit: School yourself when you are taking your grip so that the thumb and the adjoining part of the hand across the V—the part that is the upper extension of the forefinger—press up against each other tightly, as inseparable as Siamese twins. Keep them pressed together as you begin to affix your grip, and maintain this airtight pressure between them when you fold the right hand over the left thumb. In this connection, I like to feel that the knuckle on the back of my right hand above the forefinger is pressing to the left, toward my target. It rides almost on top of the shaft. I know then that the club has to be in my fingers. Furthermore, when you fold the right hand over the left thumb—and there is a lot left to fold over—the left thumb will fit perfectly in the “cup” formed in the palm of your folded right hand. They fit together like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.



Above: The completed two-hand grip. The left thumb (see drawing below) fits securely into the cup of the right palm.



This union of left thumb and right thumb pad strengthens the welding together of the two hands and it serves to add real reinforcement to your grip, particularly at the top of the backswing where poor grips are most likely to deteriorate. When you check your right-hand grip, the V formed by the thumb and forefinger should be pointing right at the button of your chin.



V of right hand points to chin

And a final word about those potential swing-wreckers, the right forefinger and thumb. While the tips of the forefinger and thumb do serve the advanced golfer as his

finger fingers, learning to use them only for touch in striking the ball requires some training. You will develop this talent as you go along. However, at this stage of the game when breaking down bad habits and acquiring correct new habits is our paramount consideration, there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that the average golfer should forget about this finger business completely. It can do him as much more harm than good in learning how to use the right hand. In this connection, an extremely beneficial exercise to practice (perhaps five minutes daily for a week) is to grip the club and swing it with the right forefinger and thumb entirely off the shaft. This gives a golfer a wonderful sense of having just one corporate hand on the club. This, of course, is the ideal. When you complete your grip, try to feel that the tips of the forefinger and thumb are hardly on the club and strive instead to build up that opposite feeling (which we described earlier) that the knuckle above the forefinger is pressing toward the thumb and toward the target.

continued

Gripping the club with the right thumb and forefinger off shaft helps a golfer to ascertain himself to the feeling of strong, correct grip in which both hands work together as one unit.



It may seem that we have gone into unwarranted detail about the elements of the correct grip. This is anything but the case. Too often in golf, players mistake the generality for the detail. They think, for example, that overlapping the finger is the detail and so they do not pay sufficient attention to how they do it. Or they confuse an effect (which can be quite superficial) with the action (the real thing) that causes the effect. For instance, a lot of golfers are under the impression that if their two Vs are pointed correctly, their grip must be correct. It may be or may not be. The direction of the Vs is no guarantee, simply a check point. In golf there are certain things you must do quite precisely, where being approximately right is not right enough. The grip is one of these areas where being half right accomplishes nothing. On the other hand, once you start cultivating the right habits, gripping the club correctly comes easily. You'll fall right into it. Furthermore, being painstaking about learning to grip rewards you a thousand times over. Once you have mastered a correct grip—and assuming your stance and posture are also correct, you can practically forget about what the hands will be doing, or what they have to do, during the swing. They will take care of it themselves. The reason for this is that a correct grip brings into play the correct muscles of your arms and body.

I would like to support these points, if I may, with a chunk of autobiography, for if any golfer ever ran the whole gamut of grips, I did. I was born left-handed—that was the normal way for me to do things. I was switched over to doing things right-handed when I was a boy but I started golf as a left-hander because the first club I ever came into possession of, an old five-iron, was a left-handed stick. I stopped being a left-handed golfer for what might be termed local commercial conditions: the boys in my home town, Fort Worth, used to buy our golf clubs (at a dollar per club) at a five-and-dime store, and there simply never was any left-handed equipment in the barrel where the clubs were stacked. When I changed over to the right side, possibly as a hangover from my left-handed start I first used a cross-hand grip. I experimented next with the interlocking grip, and at length—I must have been about 15 at the time—I finally arrived at the overlapping grip. I was working then in the golf shop at the Glen Garden club, and I copied the grip of Ted Longworth, the pro. I recognized quickly that this was the best of all grips, and once I had persuaded myself of that fact, it took me only a short time to familiarize myself with it.

Over the years since first adopting the overlapping grip, I have made two minor alterations. Right after I came out of the service, I changed from what is called the "long thumb," the left thumb fully extended down the shaft, to a modified "short thumb," contracting my left thumb and pulling it up a half inch. The "long thumb" let the club drop down too far at the top of the backswing, and it was really tough to get my timing right. I made my second alteration in 1946, moving my left hand a good half inch to the left. I was working then to find some way of retaining my power while curbing my occasional tendency to hook. Moving my left hand over so that the thumb was directly down the middle of the shaft was the first step in licking that problem. I regard both of these changes as personal modifications or adjustments. That is, they were beneficial for me and I would advocate them as sound measures for golfers with the same natural swing pattern and hitting action as myself. Let me make it clear,

though, that I look upon them only as adjustments and not as fundamentals. The truly fortunate golfer is the player who needs to make the smallest number of adjustments.

The golf grip is bound to function most effectively when the hands and fingers feel this. Some days they do, some days they don't. Interestingly enough, drinking some ginger ale, because of its effect on the kidneys, seems to prevent the hands from feeling too fat and puffy. If the weather is cold, of course, it always affects your feel. To make sure my hands were warm enough at Carnoustie, I carried a hand-warmer in each pocket. These are Victorian gadgets that work something like a cigarette lighter; the small metal containers (covered with heavy cloth) are filled with a fluid that, once the wick is lit, smolders for about eight hours. These hand-warmers, incidentally, also served to keep the golf balls in my pocket nice and warm. A warm ball, you know, flies farther than a cold one.

Next week we will take up the modern fundamentals of the stance and posture. IF, IN THE MEANTIME, YOU CAN PUT IN 30 MINUTES OF DAILY PRACTICE ON THE GRIP, LEARNING THESE NEXT FUNDAMENTALS WILL THEN BE TWICE AS EASY AND TWICE AS VALUABLE. I want to stress again that intelligent application is required to learn the golf swing, but how self-rewarding this application is! The average golfer will finally learn how to put all the elements of the swing together. He will be able to repeat that swing and to hit shots that have the same basic character as a professional's because he will be using the same method a pro does. He may not be as long as a pro or as accurate, but he will be long and straight. And he will be hitting correctly executed golf shots, with real character to them. That is something a lot of people have never experienced, but it is entirely within the average person's power. I cannot emphasize this point too strongly.



If his grip is faulty, the golfer won't have control of club when he reaches the top of his backswing



With forearms (hands) at end of shaft, the center of gravity is changed and clubhead feels much heavier



If his grip is correct, the club will be held perfectly under control at the top of the player's backswing

Once the average golfer is properly started on the correct method of hitting the golf ball, he will begin to improve and to feel that improvement, and he will gradually find that he is able to hit fine, full shots and to hit the ball high, low, draw it, fade it, play sand shots, recoveries, half shots—ALL THIS WITHOUT CHANGING HIS SWING. The swing itself is what gives you this feel for managing this full variety of golf shots.

As he improves, the average golfer will enjoy the game more and more, for a correct swing will enable him to rediscover golf—in fact, to discover golf for the first time. He will have the necessary equipment, the full "vocabulary" for golf. He's going to see a different game entirely. When he gets on a tee where a 170-yard minimum carry is needed to get across a water hazard, he won't go blank over the ball, as some golfers do, and just pray that somehow he will get it over the water, this being the best he can hope for. No, he'll know he can carry 200 yards of water any old time and he'll honestly be able to think about the more advanced things: how much of the water hazard he should try to cut off, the best position (for a player of his individual length) across the water from which to play his second on that particular hole. The strategy implicit on every good golf hole will appeal to him, not befuddle him. He'll understand the reason why that tree is standing along the left edge of the fairway. He'll see why that trap edges into the opening to the green. He'll see why the fairway narrows where it does. He will not want the green committee to cut down that tree or chop up that trap or patch back the rough. He will even object if there is a plan afoot to soften up the rough.

He will, in short, absorb the spirit of the game. When he hits a poor shot and leaves himself with a difficult recovery, he'll respond to the challenge of having to play a difficult shot extra well in order to make up for his error. If there's a small opening to the green, he will respond to that challenge of having to hit a more accurate shot than he usually does or pay the just consequences. He will feel this way about golf because he will know he has an essentially correct, repeating swing and that he can, with moderate concentration, produce the shot that is called for. He will make errors, of course, because he is human, but he will be a golfer and the game will be a source of ever-increasing pleasure for him.

NEXT WEEK: STANCE AND POSTURE

In presenting Lesson No. 2 (in the March 18 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Ben Hogan writes:

As I said in the first article of this series, no one can play good golf unless he has a correct, powerful, repeating swing. A man or woman of average coordination can build such a swing if he or she goes about it sensibly. It really boils down to learning and practicing a few fundamentals until performing them becomes almost as instinctive as walking. There are not as many things to learn as you might think, for the swing we are teaching has been stripped down to the authentic essentials.

The only "technical" thing about this swing is the explanation. There is a definite purpose behind every movement.

The first of these inclusive fundamentals is, of course, the grip, which we discussed last week. The second is the stance and the posture. Many golfers make the stable error of thinking of the stance as that preparatory part of the swing in which the player merely lines himself up on the target he's shooting at. . . .

**Continue Lesson No. 2
in next week's issue**

PATTERNS

on

HARDWOOD

Professional basketball features very few set plays. It is an endless series of instant improvisations on a basic theme: get the ball through the hoop

THE FIRST of players on the opposite page, against a background of the Boston Garden's parquet floor, illustrates both the nature of professional basketball today and the chief reason for its rapidly accelerating popularity. The game is played by patterns rather than predetermined movements, and the variety of patterns is unlimited. Thus, as play follows play in speedy sequence, the knowing spectator has the fun of trying to anticipate what each participant will do to further or impede the progress of the ball upward to its ultimate destination—a metal ring 18 inches in diameter suspended 10 feet above the hardwood floor. And his game, often, is as good as that of any man on the court.

For example, at the top of the page, New York's Carl Braun (4) has attempted to run Minneapolis Defender Vern Mikkelsen (19) into Braun's teammate, Richie Guerin (5). As a consequence, at least four different pattern plays may emerge:

1) If Braun's maneuver succeeds, Defender Bob Leonard (21) will switch from guarding Guerin to picking up Braun. At this instant, it appears that Braun is already half a step ahead of Mikkelsen so that the switch in assignments may take place even if Mikkelsen is not stopped completely.

2) If the switch takes place and Mikkelsen cannot recover in time to pursue Guerin closely, Braun may pass the ball to Richie for a close-in shot or layup.

3) If Mikkelsen does recover quickly but Leonard comes out slowly, Braun may stop suddenly and try his favorite overhead jump shot at the edge of the key.

4) Finally, Ray Felix (18) is obviously taking advantage of the fact that his defenseman, Clyde Lovellette (34), is watching the progress of Braun's maneuver. He is slipping away from Lovellette, and if he succeeds in getting clear under the basket, Braun may pass high to him for an easy tap-in.

There are, of course, a dozen possibilities. As soon as one is played out, a new pattern and its options will unfold. This is basketball at its best—demonstrated over a 4½-month season by 80 of the best players in the world.

Each team has its basic pattern on offense. The Boston

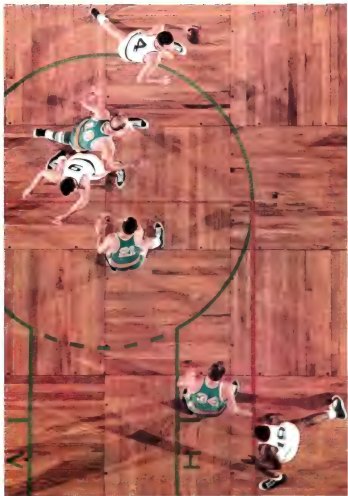
Celtics use an essentially unchanging fast break (see page 24), depending on Bill Russell to get the rebound off the defensive board. He then passes out to Bob Cousy, who speed-upcourt with Bill Sharman trailing. If Cousy can go all the way, the result is a quick 2 points; if he can't, his first option is usually a pass back to Sharman for one of Bill's patented one-hand set shots.

Syracuse is one of the few clubs that still tries the old "eastern" style: a fast weave to shake a man loose. However, the 24-second clock, which forces a shot within that time, severely limits the number of passes that can be made toward that desired end. If the weave fails, there is Delph Schayes driving, Ed Conlin cutting or Player-Coach Paul Seymour outside.

When Neil Johnston is on the floor, Philadelphia's strategy is to get the ball into him as the pivot for one of his hooks. If Johnston feels his chances are poor, his first option is to hit Paul Arizin in the corner, where Arizin is a marvel of accuracy. When Paul is being closely checked, which is often, he will instead come around in front of Johnston and take the pass at the top of the key for an almost unstoppable jump.

Of the near-infinite number of patterns, perhaps the oldest of all is still the most breathtaking when executed properly—the give-and-go. Sadly, it is seldom seen today, except when a pair of experts like Braun and Dick McGuire of the Knickerbockers are together on the court. It is played out exactly as its name implies. Two players come upcourt. The one with the ball passes or hands off to the other and cuts for the basket, receiving a return pass en route. On paper, it appears as simple as a turn in hopscotch, but, like most such tactical moves in or outside of basketball, its very simplicity demands that it be performed precisely in order to be successful. Both the give-and-goer and the passer must make exquisitely timed moves, feints and changes of direction. The spectator who watches Braun and McGuire closely as the Knicks put the ball in play insures for himself the opportunity of seeing possibly the most adroit and beautiful maneuvers in all sport.

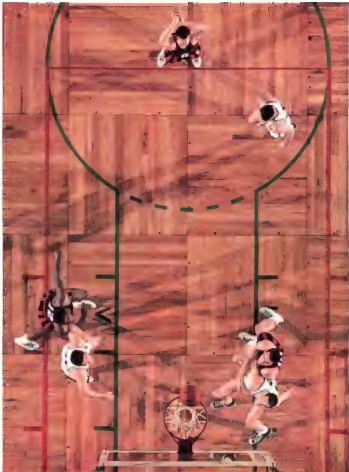
—JEREMIAH TAX







At the end of a typical Boston Fastbreak led by Ben
Crow, all five Celtics have moved upward to deny
these Rochester defenders as Crow takes jump shot



Rochester's Bob Burrow shoots a free throw, and now another classic pattern unfolds: the battle for the rebound

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SOUTHERN FLAM TALK ON FOOTBALL • INVESTIGATION IN THE VALLEY • A NEW TAX SOURCE: ALTITUDE • THE MISSISSIPPI WITHOUT MUD • WILT'S ROADWORK • THOSE QUIET WRESTLERS

WORDS OF THE WEEK

AN OLD FRIEND of football stood up before the Downtown Rotary Club of Houston and prepared to speak. The luncheon guests pushed back their dessert plates and got ready for the kind of football page and stories that make Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech one of the blue-ribbon orators on the rubber-chicken circuit.

But Coach Dodd was in no laughing mood. College football, he told the Rotarians, is in trouble, and not only the coaches but educators, fans and sportswriters must share the blame. "If we can't keep college football in its place," he said, "I'm for giving it up. If we go on for five more years like this, I believe we're going to ruin the game. Football has gotten so big, so complicated that there's no such thing as staying in the middle. You've got to win—or else."

With the Rotarians still open-mouthed at this surprise attack, Dodd went on with his indictment. "There's too much praise heaped on coaches who intentionally violate rules of their profession." He challenged sportswriters to desist from "building up men as successful coaches" when they have built their records with a hand-picked squad of subsidized athletes. "If you think coaches like this care anything about these boys they recruit illegally, you're crazy," he went on. "They'd cut the boy's throat in a minute if it served their purpose. As long as these culprits are placed on a pedestal, how can you expect lots of others not to follow suit in bribing, in spoiling 17- and 18-year-old high school boys?"

Finally, Dodd pointed an angry finger at colleges whose blatant recruiting practices take them far afield

of their own territory to build winning teams. "I know of at least two cases where whole teams have been recruited from an entirely different section of the country," he said. "When you do that you're getting mighty close to professional sports." He cited the case of the present University of North Carolina basketball team, now ranked first in the country by most sportswriters' polls. "All five of the starters are from New York," he said. He also mentioned North Carolina State, which, he said, has imported 14 of its 15 basketball players from northern and eastern states.

• • •

Sarav week, a few days later, President William Clyde Friday, now 34-year-old headman of the Consolidated University of North Carolina—and as such responsible for both the universi-

ty at Chapel Hill and North Carolina State at Raleigh—set forth the doctrine that will govern athletics in his administration. President Friday offered his Board of Trustees a brisk seven-point statement of principles; henceforth all admission and academic standards will be set by the faculties alone; the chancellor of each institution will be responsible to the board for the proper administration of his athletic programs; only the scholarship committee of each will be allowed to award athletic grants-in-aid; detailed reports on the athletic programs must be made periodically by the chancellors to both their faculties and the Board of Trustees.

President Friday's trustees promptly endorsed his program by a vote of 81 to 0. Cheers for the new president could

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Economy in Ohio

Look for Cincinnati City to land the 1968 Pan-American Games, already awarded to Cleveland, at a meeting of the Pan-American Executive Committee in Caracas March 16. Reason: On economy grounds, Ohio's Senator Frank Lausche has opposed a \$5 million federal appropriation that would have helped Cleveland play host.

• Upgrate in Maryland

The proposed merger of Baltimore's historic old race track, Pimlico, home of the Preakness, with the more modern plant at Laurel continues unresolved. The Maryland Racing Commission is ducking recommendations on the merger—which would turn Pimlico into a shopping development—and has passed the whole problem to the legislature, where it may become a breeding issue this month.

• New Look

Poland's efforts to throw off the trappings of Soviet technique have hit the world of sport. Polish soccer authorities have decided to end their "pseudo amateur system," encourage pro and amateur soccer separately.

• The Las Vegas Line

The Las Vegas group-up of the season's baseball odds: Brooklyn and Milwaukee 6 to 5, Cincinnati 2½ to 1, St. Louis 16 to 1, Philadelphia 80 to 1, other National League clubs 100 to 1. In the American League: New York 1 to 5, Detroit 2½ to 1, Chicago and Cleveland 4 to 1, Boston 8 to 1, the others 100 to 1.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

be heard throughout most of North Carolina.

The blunt words—both of Bobby Dodd and President Friday—seem to have come just at the right time.

MEETING IN ST. LOUIS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's call for an investigation of rumors that a Missouri Valley Conference referee had been fixing basketball games for gamblers was answered this week. The MVC's Officials Committee will meet in St. Louis Sunday and, among other things, study movies of games refereed by the suspended John K. Frazer. College referees were asked to send such films to St. Louis in time for the meeting.

The Rev. Charles L. Sanderson, S.J., of St. Louis University, conference president, made it clear that the MVC was not "acquiescing" Frazer.

The conference action conforms to the recommendation of **S**PORTS ILLUSTRATED. Previously there had been an inclination on the part of the MVC to sweep the matter under the rug. A neck ailment had been given as the reason for Frazer's withdrawal for the rest of the season, and all might have been allowed to rest there. As this magazine said, "The policy of acting on rumors in private but ignoring them in public is not the right one."

As to Frazer, he had taken to expressing disregard for self and concern for basketball. The Chicago *American* bannered **FORGET ME, WORRY ABOUT GHOST** over his name and under it printed as article in which he makes the following deduction:

"Since the player scandals hit college basketball several years ago everyone has known that gamblers were trying to influence the game. If I am ruined as a basketball official, I figure the gamblers will have really taken over the sport."

HIGH TAX

THE GOVERNMENT of Nepal, which is the custodian of the most famed and deadly of Himalayan peaks, has generally taken an attitude of tolerant resignation toward mountain climbers: If it did not pretend to wholly understand men who insisted on trying in burning jungles to reach heights on which they could 1) freeze to death, 2) run out of oxygen, 3) be killed in avalanches, 4) become lost in mists, or 5) fall off cliffs and into cre-

vasses, it nevertheless allowed them to do so with impunity. A few days ago, however, it became apparent that Nepal, too, has become aware at last of the fiendish possibilities of the real-estate tax. Climbers will henceforth be assessed a fee for the use of Nepalese mountains. Novices who want to practice on small peaks—under 25,000 feet, that is—will have to pay only 1,400 rupees (\$210) but those who plan to risk their necks on something more dangerous will have to dig up more. The fee for Everest, Annapurna, unclimbed Dhaulagiri and four other mountains over 25,000 feet: \$630.

The government, ahem, would appreciate payment before the neck-ripping begins.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

TWENTY-THREE YEARS ago this winter a fellow named Harold Thelton—who was, and still is, athletic director at the St. Paul (Minn.) Athletic Club—cast about for some method of luring members into the club's indoor pool during the cold months. To rouse their competitive spirit he arranged a simple sort of contest with the Minneapolis AC—the men, women and children of each organization, he announced, would set out to see which could swim the longest total distance in two weeks. He called his competition the "Down the Mississippi Swim" and



hopelessly assailed developments. The results were startling: as the swim (which St. Paul won by 385,000 yards) progressed, members turned up by the hundreds to do their bit.

Other athletic clubs around the nation began getting into the contest the next year. In the 23 years since its inception, the Down the Mississippi Swim has probably extracted more foot-pounds of energy from more people than any project since the building of the pyramids. The members of San Diego's Town & Country Club, however, exceeded all previous displays of sheer, fiendish application in winning it from 14 other clubs (with St. Paul seventh) this year. San Diego, it is true, has a mild winter climate, and its members use an outdoor rather than an indoor pool; to the casual eye, nevertheless, it seemed that every man, woman and child in the club was immersed, night and day, rain or shine

for the whole two weeks from February 9 to Washington's Birthday.

Swimming began at 6 in the morning, and on opening day 173 swimmers were on hand to begin churning up and down the 71-yard pool. Congestion grew as the day—and most following days—wore on. To further its members' sense of patriotism the club gave free breakfasts to early swimmers and ladled out gallons of free soup and hot chocolate to those who arrived later. Friends and parents of swimmers kept track of the number of laps swum, but the daily collection of reports was so complex that they had to be run through an electric brain at a local aircraft factory in the interests of an accurate record. Five hundred and thirty-eight swimmers won club trophies by their efforts—45 of them for swimming 25 miles or more. Total distance covered: 12,322,665 yards, or more than 7,000 miles—about three and one-third times the length of the Mississippi itself.

SAGE AT THE CAGE

THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES had hardly gathered for spring training at Fort Myers, Fla. last week before Branch Rickey, a man who can pop out of retirement as authoritatively as a whistling marmot, was hard at work preparing them for the National League pennant. Mr. Rickey assumed his role of "available consultant" by hustling out to the batting cage, costumed in dark blue suit, dark blue hat, black tie, black socks, black shoes and a big black cigar, and by climbing to a platform which had been hastily constructed for him behind the setting. The Pirates' regular batting coach, George Harold Sailer, had been laid low by an abdominal operation and Mr. Rickey was taking over for him. He sat down on a chair placed upon the porch and got down to business.

"Come here, boy, and shake my hand," he called to Catcher Danny Kravitz. Then he summoned First Baseman John Powers and Outfielder Howard Goss. "How are you?" he said to each. "I'm glad to see you." He beamed. "Everybody comfortable?" His auditors nodded. "All right, all right," said Mr. Rickey, pointing at Kravitz. "Jump in there now. I want you to hit 10. Hit everything. Don't let anything get past you. That's fine. Slow that pitching machine down a little. And will somebody find more ball shaggers. We need help. Every minute is valuable. Fine, Danny, fine."

continued



"Don't you remember us? You and us this past last winter."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

All right, Howie, now it's your turn. "Perfect stride," he said, approvingly. "Perfect stance. Look at that swing. Son, it's a shame for you to hit .285. Just concentrate on getting the fat part of the bat on the ball." He nodded to Powers. "All right, John," he said. "Watch out for hitters. Are you wearing that glove, John?" Powers held out his hand to demonstrate a light golf's glove. "That's right," said Mr. Rickey. "Take care of those gloves, man. We only have 10 or 12 pair. Now, John—hit everything to left field."

Mr. Rickey turned to Goss. "Now you watch this. He used to hit everything down the right field line. He must have hit 300 home run balls in one year—all foul. But see there—" The pitching machine belched forth another ball and Powers dropped his left foot back and sent it whistling into left. "You are? Watch that back foot. He makes it look easy, doesn't he, Howie?"

"Yes, sir," said Goss. "Real easy." "Well, you can too," said Mr. Rickey. "He used to be worse than you. You know why he can do it now? Tell Howie what that word is, John."

Powers looked around and grinned. "Intent," he said.

"That's right. Intent. How do you spell it, John?"

"Darned if I know," said Powers, hitting another one to left.

"Well," said Mr. Rickey, "I want you to learn to spell it, too."

Powers was replaced by Goss and Goss by Kravitz, and Kravitz by Shortstop Dick Groat, until all had hit 100 balls. "Get Thomas and Long," ordered Mr. Rickey. "They can use some of this, too."

At this point, however, he was interrupted. "It's time to eat, Mr. Rickey."

"Judas Priest," cried Mr. Rickey, jumping out of his chair. "I knew I was getting hungry. Well, let's go eat. We'll get on with this later." And, coats flapping, Mr. Rickey hurried off to the clubhouse, a legend on its way to lunch.

MONEYMAN

Come to the Kansas Turnpike Authority, a strictly nonathletic organization, to enter an opinion on certain financial aspects of Kansas University's nationally famous sophomore basketball star, Wilton Chamberlain. The turnpike officials make no pretense of knowing how much money Wilt will

get for playing amateur basketball at K.U. but have announced—and only half jokingly—that he is worth every penny of it. By checking the number of automobiles which have passed through the eastern and western turnpike exits at Lawrence, Kans. on Saturdays when Wilt is playing in a home game and on Saturdays when he is not, they conclude that he pulls 1,445 extra cars over the road at an average rate of 97¢ per car, or \$1,615.05 every time he trots out on the court.

Since the road is 236 miles long, he is worth \$6.84 per mile per Saturday, or \$16,110.50 a year. If K.U. continues playing 10 games per season at Lawrence he can be expected to produce \$48,451.50 in extra revenue for the turnpike before he graduates.

"If there's any justice in the world," wrote Sports Editor Joe Gilmartin of the Wichita Beacon, "our grandchildren will one day refer to the stretch of four-lane road between Kansas City and Wellington as the Wilton Chamberlain Memorial Highway."

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

FOR YEARS officials at West Point and Annapolis agreed that football took care of all the needs for body contact sports between the service rivals. Wrestling in particular was held unwise. It was feared that overenthusiasm as deeply rooted in the tradition of academy rivalry might cause damage to the athletes.

"There was a feeling that it just wouldn't be good," said John Cox, Navy's athletic publicist.

His West Point counterpart, Joe Cahill, agreed. "We've always felt," he said, "that there was too much of the man-to-man in wrestling."



VEGETARIAN

When playing squash requires
He's busy. But, gosh,
No wonder—his racket,
You see, is a squash!

—BRYAN ARNOLD

But somehow last week both academies threw prudence to the winds and gave wrestling a cautious try for the first time in the history of the Army-Navy rivalry.

Manners were perfect on the mat. After the final match between Tony Steenie, 265 pounds, a guard on the Navy football team last year, and Loren Reid, 198 pounds, who played tackle for Army, the two shook hands and congratulated each other.

"You wrestled a very good match," said Steenie, the winner on a close decision. "So did you," answered Reid politely.

In the stands cadets from both academies behaved like perfect gentlemen too, perhaps because of the presence of a generally civilizing force: a goodly quota of young ladies, present as dates.

The only person who got out of hand, and then only slightly, was a fellow named William R. Smedberg III, an admiral, who, by the way, is superintendent of the Naval Academy. He bounded out of his seat at every stirring moment, bounced a few feet forward to the mat edge and shouted encouragement to the Navy wrestler a few feet away. At times he resembled a cheerleader (which Army had, but Navy did not), turning to the stands and shouting encouragement to his friends.

His enthusiasm was understandable. He was a 115-pound wrestling champ in his Annapolis days but never got a crack at Army. The admiral had done as much as any man to bring the meeting about, and he went away happy. Navy won 17-8.

THE TRUTH ABOUT UMPIRES

IN OFF-SEASON public appearances around the country, Dusty Boggus, the National League umpire, is telling a story in defense of his profession, giving it a local setting wherever he happens to be. As he told it in Tulsa recently:

"You Tulsa people are awful hard on umpires and one time I decided to try and find out just why you hate us so. I sat up in the stands along first base and listened to your comments, then I sat behind home plate, then along the third base line and finally way out near the outfield.

"Everywhere I sat I heard essentially the same thing. And I can tell you now, folks, you've got it all wrong."

Dusty pauses for dramatic effect and then delivers his punch line:

"We umpires have got mothers and fathers just like everybody else!"

Master bartenders' secrets revealed winners in nationwide competition:

FIRST NATIONAL GRAND PRIZE

1 oz Early Times
1 oz Cointreau
1/2 oz Cream
1/2 oz Lemon Juice
Shake ingredients with ice and strain in a white wine glass. No garnish needed.
Awarded to: Joseph Schenck, Wilmington, Del. & Robert Smith, Boston, Mass.

SECOND NATIONAL GRAND PRIZE

1 oz Early Times
1/2 oz Blue Ancho Reyes
1/2 oz Lemon Juice
1/2 oz Orange Juice
Shake ingredients with ice. Strain into 12 oz glass over ice cubes. Add sugar rim.
Created by: Alfred J. Hunsicker, Kansas City, Mo. & Linda Kasper, Wichita

THIRD NATIONAL GRAND PRIZE

1 oz Early Times
1/2 oz Vodka
1/2 oz Lemon Juice
Shake with ice and strain into 12 oz. drinking glass.
Created by: Joseph Schenck, Wilmington, Del. & Robert Smith, Boston, Mass.

Early Times Special

1 1/2 oz Early Times
1/2 oz Lemon Juice
1/2 oz Orange Juice
1/2 oz Cream
Shake ingredients with ice and strain in a white wine glass. No garnish needed.
Awarded to: Alfred J. Hunsicker, Kansas City, Mo. & Linda Kasper, Wichita

Early Times Special

1 1/2 oz Early Times
1/2 oz Lemon Juice
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Serve these easy-to-make recipes at your next party. Your drinks will have the touch of genius!

Professional bartenders from America's finest hotels, bars and restaurants mixed with each other in this competition, the best of its kind ever held. Each drink is a champion that fought its way to the Grand National Finals. All are seasonally delicious.

All these drinks were built around the remarkably good taste of Early Times. Early Times is so good that...of all the whiskeys made in Kentucky—and these are the world's best—Kentuckians themselves choose Early Times over all other straight whiskeys. Try it!

EARLY TIMES

This competition was organized by the Early Times Distillery Company under license of the American Society of Bartenders with the cooperation of state bartenders all over throughout the country, and many bars of the National Licensed Beverage Association.

BOY MEETS GIRL



PRE-OLYMPICS CARTOON (El, Koc, 18) anticipated situation in which a port American girl athlete is wooed by heavy Russian.



REAL-LIFE WOODS led to Ford Melbourne Jewell of U.S. Weight Man Connolly and Czech Divina Svat Fikstova.



Like Romeo during the displeasure of the Capulets, Olympic Winner Harold Connolly arrived in Prague last week to seek the hand of his comely discus-throwing sweetheart, Olga Fikstova. They hope to marry and settle in Boston. But President Antonin Zapolsky, faced with the loss of his country's only Olympic gold medalist to a capitalist, kept a stolid silence as Connolly's 10-day visa wasted away. All week's end the Iron Curtain still parted boy and girl.



BOULEVARD RACEWAY

Boulevard sports car racing—along the city's spectacular waterfront—came to Havana last week with a splash that for a day suspended fears of political upheaval. In the U.S. the course might have been Chicago's Lake Shore Drive or Manhattan's East and West Side Highways; in Cuba it was the famed Malecón esplanade. A crowd of 150,000 cheered World Champion Juan Fangio's Maserati on to victory.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS DARTY

ROMBER FANGIO stands for Cuban anthem beneath monument to the battleship *Almirante Desaparecido* Marquis de Portago (below) plus with split fuel line after his Ferrari led strongly.





RACING ALONG SEA WALL. sports cars in Havana's 315-mile Gran Premio round a turn and speed over the Malecón before a part of the huge crowd. Morro Castle is in left background.

NOR HEAT NOR RAIN



ROOKIE JAY WARD, IN MICKY MANTLE'S NO. 7, GETS A CASEY STENGEL EARFUL

From Florida to Arizona the rookies sweat while veterans enjoy some preseason fun

The following report on baseball's first week of spring training assembles the on-the-spot journal entries and personal impressions of Sports Illustrated's baseball staff at the various training camps. Robert Creamer, Ray Feneil and Walter Birmingham report from Florida, Les Woodruff from Arizona.

FROM MOST major league baseball teams, the early days of spring training belong to the rookies, while their elders frolic in gradual preparation for the long, strenuous season. Some, like the Redlegs and White Sox and Pirates, call all their players together at once, but others, like the Yankees and Phils and Cards and Braves, bring the youngsters down early. The managers and coaches and scouts work them hard, look them over and then work them some more.

Alvin Dark drops in at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg to look around, then goes off to find a house for his family. The Cardinal rookies keep on working. Harvey Kuenn drives up in a light green Cadillac to Tigertown in Lakeland, kids around with old friends among the writers and drives off to the beach. The Tiger rookies keep on working. Mickey Mantle dons a uniform for a TV show at Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg, then goes off to play golf. The Yankee rookies keep on working. Lew Burdette, remembering a good season, goes to Bradenton to argue contract with the Milwaukee front office, then drives the 10 miles to his home in Sarasota. The Braves rookies keep on working. Don Larsen drops in to see George Weiss about more money, and when he leaves nobody knows where he goes. But the Yankee rookies just keep on working.

Standing just outside the gate and watching the Yankees at their choice, a fan shouted excitedly, "There's Mickey Mantle."

Young Jay Ward, wearing the famous No. 7 on his back and looking not completely unlike Mantle, blushed

STAYS SPRING PRACTICE

slightly as he heard the rules. "Of all the numbers, I get 7."

School days

Meanwhile, the rest of the Yankee rookie school was bubbling. All over Mike Heggins' First yearmen in gray uniforms sweated under the blaring Florida sun in an effort to win a word of praise and, perhaps, someday, a job on the most successful club in baseball, the New York Yankees.

On the pitcher's mound, a youth began his wind-up under the microscopic inspection of Coach Jim Turner. As he released the ball, Turner, never taking his eyes off him, yelled, "Curve ball!" And then, "What was it?"

"A curve," said the rookie sheepishly. Four more times the pitcher threw, and each time Turner correctly called the pitch.

"You see," said Turner, throwing a fatherly arm around the boy's shoulder, "you're telegraphing every pitch. The way you're doing it now, even the fans in left field will know what you're about to throw. Now what you want to do is..."

Over at the sliding pit, Johnny Neun, who once played baseball with Ty Cobb, watched as a dozen eager rookies demonstrated their sliding prowess.

"Use the slide you know best," ordered Neun. "No fancy stuff, just your best slide."

A lanky kid came loping down the runway, then leaped at the bag as if a bottomless pit lay between. He landed on his stomach in the sawdust.



DODGER PRESIDENT O'MALLEY (LEFT) AND WARREN GILES TEST THE WEATHER

"Your best slide! Your best slide!" screamed Neun.

The kid reddened. "That was my best, sir."

Rain

When it rains in Florida it falls in big globs, spanking the streets and sidewalks as it lands. It falls on children going to school and old men playing shuffleboard, but worst of all it falls on ball fields. And when it does, there isn't much a ballplayer can do but go inside and wait for it to stop.

At Vero Beach, the Dodgers waited in the lobby of the old Navy barracks they call home during the training season. The lobby is large. In one corner is a pool table, in another a few chess sets and checkerboards, and in a third some leather chairs. Scattered about are easy chairs and sofas and a few potted palms. On the walls are large pictures of the Dodgers' pennant-winning teams and in between them are smaller pictures of the men who won those pennants.

Roy Campanella, looking trimmer than he did a year ago, sat on a sofa with a newspaperman, smoking a cigar and discussing his battered right hand, the Dodgers' prospects for the coming season and his hair apparent, young John Roseboro.

Manager Walt Alton passed through the lobby to mail some letters. He stopped at a window and gazed out at the gray sky. "Still raining," he said to no one in particular, "I doubt if we'll get in a workout today."

Don Drysdale and Roger Craig be-

gan a game of pool. Johnny Podres wrote letters. Occasionally he rose to peek out the window.

"What do you see, John?" someone asked.

"Still raining."

On the porch just off the lobby a few rookies were gathered around a bowling machine. They played automatically and without enthusiasm. And soon they quit. At a corner table playing bridge sat Don Zimmer, Ed Roebark, Coach Jake Pitler and a rookie. The rookie was confused.

"Lead where it'll hurt them, kid," said Pitler. "Lead that big suit."

"Hey, Jake," complained Zimmer, "why not write him a letter?"

"Shut up and check the weather," answered Pitler. Zimmer went to the door and looked out.

continued



PITCHER COACH TURNER CHECKS A TYRE



PITCHER SULLIVAN IS RED SOX CLOWN

SPRING TRAINING

red/ward

"It's still raining—harder than it was an hour ago," he said. "Damn rain."

Run, Run, run

Ken Jackson, the 6-foot 1-inch first baseman of the Chicago White Sox, worked out on Al Lopez Field in Tampa for several days before the first official day of training for the Sox. That day Coach Tony Cucinella took the entire squad, including Jackson, into left field and had them run, run, run for more than 20 minutes, back and forth across the outfield under a blazing sun.



LOU VASSITO TRIES HARD FOR ATHLETICS

Afterward, Jackson went into Trainer Eddie Froelich's quarters, climbed on a scale and weighed himself. Proudly he announced, "I finally did it. I lost seven pounds."

Froelich grinned malevolently.

"You weren't working out on your own today, were you, big fella? Man with the whip was out there today."

Run, Tiger, run

At exactly 10 o'clock each morning at Leland a voice booms out over a loudspeaker. "Good morning, everybody. Play day begins at Tigertown."



SLIDING PRACTICE UNDER WATCHFUL COACH KEEPS DETROIT BOOKIES LEG-WEARY

With that, the players, who have gathered in huddle down on the clubhouse porch, go charging out toward the baseball fields 400 yards away. And woe unto him who slows to a walk, lost the mysterious voice below again for all Polk County to hear, "Come on there, No. 12, did you have a bad night?"

Casey in the rain

Spectators arriving at Miller Huggins Field in midmorning one day last week were surprised to see the Yankees halfway through their workout.

"Why did you get them out so early, Casey?" asked a New York writer.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Stengel. "I want to get through here before it begins to rain. No sense standing out here in the rain, is there?"

"Where did you hear it was going to rain, Case?" another man asked. "I heard on the radio a few minutes ago it would be clear today."

"Hmph," asserted Stengel. "It looked just like this yesterday and a little after 11 it was raining. I don't care what they say, it's going to rain."

At a little after 11 it began to rain. The writers on the bench just looked at each other and shrugged. "What can you do?" one said and got up to follow Casey's No. 37 into the clubhouse. The rest sat there for a minute and then they went along, too. What could you do?

Arizona sun

The P.A. announcer of an intrasquad game at the Indians' spring training camp in Tucson departed suddenly from his lineup announcements. "The Tigers' training camp in Florida has been beset by rain. The Dodgers' workouts have been cut short by rain in Florida." He paused and went on, "There are absolutely no prospects of rain in Tucson."



WIDE CHEERS UP PITCHER GEORGE SISCO

It was the same at the other three spring training camps in Arizona. The mid-winter temperature was always in the 70s, and the clear, sun-filled sky had a bearing on everything that was done.

After three or four hours under the sun during their workouts, nearly all of the ballplayers spent their afternoons back outside again. Some went swimming or horseback riding or headed for the race track, but most of them played golf. Orioles Manager Paul Richards, the best golfer among the managers in Arizona, unwound enough from his baseball worries one afternoon to beat Giant Manager Bill Rigney by six strokes, 78 to 82.

Besides warming winter bones, the sun played strange tricks during games at Hi Corbett Field in Tucson. Because the park was built so that the sun comes into home plate from center field in the afternoon, the catcher's shadow is cast behind him. Whenever he squatted to give a sign to the pitcher, the shadow of his fingers signaling the pitch was visible to everyone in the stands.

If the afternoons during the first few weeks of spring training were like an idyllic vacation in the sun for the ballplayers, the mornings were far from it. Then the players worked hard at what really brought them to Arizona in the first place—getting into condition to play a grueling season of major league baseball.

Spring training warmup varied little from camp to camp as everyone went through a mild bout of calisthenics, plenty of pepper games, some running and throwing, a lot of bunting and batting practice and, finally, intrasquad games. All camps worked the pitchers hardest of all. They had to do an

endless drill in which each pitcher broke fast from the mound and either felded a ball and threw quickly to third or ran to first for a job from the first baseman. "You have to give the pitchers plenty to do before the exhibition games start," Chicago Manager Bob Schefling summed up. "The other players can play themselves into shape, but the pitchers don't get that much work during games."

In Phoenix, Wilie Mays, among other things the most exciting peppery player in baseball, added a colorful spark to a not-too-cheerful Giant camp as he worked hard with a joy for playing ball that highlighted everything he did.

The booming voices of Cub Manager Bob Schefling and Coach George Myatt resounded over Rendonovous Park in Mesa, as Schefling, the most relaxed manager in Arizona, and his aide gave advice to the younger players or kidded with the veterans. Kerby Farrell, the new Indian manager, figured from one end of the field in Tucson to the

when you have that confidence, you're a ballplayer."

Frank Lane

There are certain times of the year when Frank Lane is quiet for minutes on end. Spring training is not one of those times. Sitting in the sun at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg one day last week the general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals simplified the 1957 National League pennant race.

"Brooklyn," he said, "is still the team to beat. They have problems: Campanella has to play for them to win, Robinson is gone, who can tell about their pitching? But they know how to win and that's important."

"Milwaukee has the best personnel in the league. Look at that pitching. But they need a second baseman and they don't seem to want to give up anybody to get him. They also need to get a little fight."

"Cincinnati," he said, "has the fight. That McMillan and Temple around second base have enough spirit for two



BARRIE TEBBETTS SHOWS HIS HACKER HOW

belongs on second and not at shortstop, and our pitching is going to be better. But, of course," adds Frank Lane, really a practical man after all, "we could win 10 or 11 more games and still finish fourth."

Optimism in Orlando

All the Senators were not yet in camp, but somewhere it was different from St. Petersburg, where the absence of a Mantle or a Berra made the Yankee camp seem empty, or even like Clearwater where the Phillies still awaited Robin Roberts and Richie Ashburn. With the Senators, the sad truth is you don't miss their good players because you don't really expect to see any good players, although Washington has some, like Ray Stevens and Eddie Yost and Jim Lemon and Chuck Stobbs.

At the Senators' camp you find yourself looking instead at the ripening young players who, the Washington front office assures you, have plenty of potential but who, unhappily, always seem to be that frustrating "year away." One such is a big, strong Swede from California named Karl Arthur Olson. Olson will be 27 in July. Six years ago he batted .330 in the high minor leagues and was promoted to the majors with a small fanfare of trumpets. Since then he has performed with consistent and disappointing mediocrity.

In Orlando, on his first day in camp, Olson walked around the batting cage, wearing a dark blue warmup jacket and a cheerful grin. Charley Dennes, Washington's cocky manager, greeted him.

"Hello, Karl."

"Hello, Charley," Olson replied

and Good



ST. LOUIS GENERAL MANAGER FRANK LANE GIVES TEAM BRASS ITS DAILY SERMON

other, while in the locker room before practice, bald-headed Vic Wertz got all the laughs he could from a comic fur toupee stuck jauntily on his head.

In Scottsdale, the lean figure of Manager Paul Richards dominated the field as he ambled everywhere, one or both hands stuck tightly in his pockets, directing all activity with meticulous care. Toward the end of a practice one day, he sat with his knees tucked under his chin on the grass of a practice field behind the park. A group of young pitchers sprawled in a semicircle in front of him. Richards talked softly, almost inaudibly. "You'll be scared and nervous for a while. That's only natural. But as you throw more and get the ball where you want it, you'll develop confidence in yourself. And

teams. There's no doubt that with Klusowski and Post and Bell and Bailey and Robinson and Crowe they have the power. And Tebbetts is a good manager. He's full of bull, but he has those kids believing it and he's a good manager. But what are they going to do for pitching? And don't forget that the Reds had a handful of guys having the best year they ever had last year—and they still just finished third."

"Us? Well, I said last year that if we didn't finish fourth I should quit. This year I'll say that we should win at least 10 or 11 more ball games and the same thing holds true: if we don't, I should quit. We can start out knowing Moon is an outfielder and not a first baseman, that Muniz is going to be the first baseman, that Blausingate

continued

warmly. They shook hands, and then Olson went on to the edge of the cage, waiting his turn to bat.

Dressen glanced after him.

"Hey, come here," he called out suddenly. Olson turned, and Dressen led him to one side, away from the cage. "Get started right this year. Let me see how you started."

Olson assumed his basting stance. Dressen moved the player's left foot back away from a mythical home plate. "Now bring your right foot up. Move it. More. More. Go on."

Olson, amiable as ever, complied. Dressen, enthusiastic as ever with an experiment, explained.

"Last year you stood in like this," he said, shoving his own left foot close to the plate as that a line drawn through his toes would angle toward



POKER AND SPOONER FISH LEFT-HANDED

right field. "You're all locked up. You couldn't pull."

"Doesn't Hodges stand that way?" Olson demurred gently. "The pull."

"Yeah, but Hodges doesn't stick his butt out the way you do," Dressen countered. "You get all locked up and you can't swing. Now stand the way I showed you. How does that feel?"

Olson swung the bat once or twice.

"Pretty good, Charley. Yeah, that feels comfortable."

When it came his turn to bat, Olson jumped into the cage and Dressen moved quickly behind it to watch. Olson carefully set his feet the way Dressen had shown him. He hit the ball consistently hard and long down the left-field line, and after his last swing and the traditional jog around the bases he came back to Dressen.



ST. PETERSBURG BARBARS OGLE THE YANKIES AND DREAM YOUTHFUL DREAMS

"That felt good, Charley. That felt pretty natural."

Dressen nodded.

"Now you got to smooth out your swing," he counseled. Olson nodded and Charley grinned at him. Dressen, of course, is too much of a realist to feel that he had suddenly created a major league star on the first day of spring training, but, watching him as he grinned up at the broad-shouldered Olson, you could feel the optimism three feet away.

Old man at the gate

From their clubhouse at Miller Huggins Field the New York Yankees have to pass through an aisle of fans to reach the playing field. An old man stood near the gate as they passed.

"Hi, Frankie," he said as Frank Crosetti ran by. Crosetti smiled back. "That was Frankie Crosetti," beamed the old man to a friend. The friend nodded.

"Hello, Bill," he called as Bill Dickey stopped through the gate. Dickey waved. "Bill Dickey, great catcher," he informed his friend proudly. The friend nodded.

"Hi, Al," he said as Ed Lopat came along. Lopat, who is spending his autumn years of baseball as a minor league manager in the Yankee farm system, merely glanced at him. The old man caught himself, embarrassed. "Not Al. That was Ed Lopat." Chagrined, he added, "Gee, I called him Al." The friend nodded.

End of a career

Like nearly every baseball player in existence, Bill Sarni looked forward to spring training. He was only 29 years old, yet had been going to spring training camps since he was 16. This year, though, he was counted on to be the No. 1 catcher for the New York

Giants. Bill left his new home in St. Louis 10 days early and along with 15 other Giant players got in some valuable conditioning at Buckhorn Spa in Arizona.

When everyone reported to Municipal Field in Phoenix for the first official Giant workout last week, Sarni had to rest after 45 minutes.

"I feel as if I have something caught in my chest," he told Trainer Frank Bowman.

At the hospital later, a doctor told Bill Sarni: "Bill, that was a heart attack." He paused. "There are three types, Bill—mild, moderate and severe. Yours was a moderate one, something like President Eisenhower's. What it all means is that you're going to have to live a moderate life from here on in."

Sarni said quietly: "What will be, will be." The Giants, as stunned as Bill Sarni, told him to get well. No catching now but, if all goes well, a job as a Giant coach.

(U.S.B.)



CATCHING IS OVER FOR GIANTS' BILL SARNI

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Dave Jenkins, 20-year-old brother of retired four-time champion Hayes Allen, built up his lead in compulsory figures, put on spectacular and artistic displays before going to win world figure skating title at Colorado Springs, Colo.



Don Mathen, hockey defenseman from the University of Wisconsin, is fast becoming one of the nation's top schoolboy freestyle swimmers. He has set U.S. prep school records of 38.4 for 100 yards in 20-yard pool, 38.8 for same distance in 25-yard pool.

RECORD BREAKERS

Tad's Dave Armstrong, Roger Anderson and Tim Jenks, who helped set world record of 111.3 each earlier, teamed up with Annie Ben Aubrey to earn water polo in Payne Whitney pool at New Haven, Connecticut 180-yard relay in 3:35.1 for U.S. and college marks but lost chance for new world standard because Aubrey in Australian citizen (March 2).

Hill School's Bob Kaufmann, off and winging in basketball, set pace for Charlie Griffin (characteristic), Royce Williams (outlet) and Charlie Brown (shootings), who combined to shoot 144.8 in 200-yard penalty relay at Williams, Pa., beating U.S. prep school record held by Drexelford Academy (March 1).

Jim Brown, complete North Platte H.S. senior pole-vaulter, scored after injury while not officially last year, scored up and over bar at 14 feet 4 1/4 inches to break own national record (American Olympic Committee March 1).

BASKETBALL

North Carolina posted off Wake Forest 69-61, Duke 56-52 to finish regular season undefeated in 24 games, set back to await Atlantic Coast Conference playoffs and chance for NCAA bid. Already in bag for Kentucky, Michigan State, Connecticut, Miami of Ohio and Texas Western, who clinched league titles. South Carolina's Gandy Walker pumped home 62 points in last two games to take over media column moving back with 31-point average.

Boston put down Rochester 111-102 on their first Eastern Division title and NBA spotlight shifted to second-place duel between Syracuse and Philadelphia in New York's playoff house gray climate. St. Louis went down to Fort Wayne in West while Minneapolis, still provisionally to Marty Maravich and Milton Erickson, who play once to Kansas City; but 40,000, turned Rochester for third place.

TRACK AND FIELD

Hyland's Ron Bellamy, setting up ground with particularly pained display of turkey flying from Thanksgiving dinner, released front-running Lew Hladik of Connecticut 30 yards from home in breathtaking 22.5 last quarter to win two-mile thriller in roundabout 8:08.8 and combine an unprecedented double for earlier was 1,000-yard run in 2:14.1 to help power-packed Villanova pile up 45 points for first NCAA title in New York. Other Villanova winners: Charlie Jenkins, in 480-yard run in 1:58.1; Don Bragg, all alone as 12 best in pole vault; Phil Brown and Charlie Reed tied for first in high jump at 6 feet 9 1/4 inches. Most also signaled big picture of Duke's men's coach Dave Allen, who captured 66-yard dash in 8.2, while Olympic Champion Tom Courtney blazed through special handball 5/ mile in 1:58.5, best ever indoors.

Williams, formerly spending three weeks at 25-foot 10-inch level jump and disqualification of second-place Ohio State College senior gang, Glenn Davis, scored 100 points in mile relay, won Big Ten crown with 22 1/4 points to 11 1/4 for Buckeyes.

GOLF

Arny Demaret, senior veteran from Elmira Lake, N.Y., parlayed deadly putting and steady iron play on final round into one-shot victory over Peter Thomson (279 to 276) and 42,000 payoff in Barton Range (La.) Open.

BOXING

Steve Martins, Ed Daly's redoubtable welterweight, called No. 2 by NBA but managed to knock down by NBC three days, found representative and willing aggressive Kid Gavilan scored a handily but jabbed and landed to close 10-round display at Newark. Completed off-edged Gavilan, his brother called by 37,000

patron "What I got to do to win?" Co-promoter Willie (The Board) Greenberg, raised arms river by New York Boxing Commissioner John Hefland and backing over after first successful promotion, which drew 8,500 fans and \$50,000 gate, had no answer for Gavilan but shouted: "The right guy was for us." To prove his point, Willie blantly tossed out \$100,000 offer to Garret Daulton and Steve Palmer, still probably with for Martins-Gavilan rematch.

Ray Calhoun, coordination posing White Plains, N.Y., middleweight, back at his trade after being forced for two years to a full pulled rope, took four months longer to his earnings, then belatedly Charlie Cutler with good combination to take 10-round split decision at Denver.

HORSE RACING

Bold Ruler and **Mr. William**, energetic pair of 3-year-olds, were week's biggest money-winners in second consecutive of nation's most brilliant, teaming mostly in Eddie Aron's brilliant colts. 111-100 Purumo, winner of Hanes, galloped nine furlongs in track record 1:17, thought in for last year's 3-year-old. Mr. William took over when in second Prince Skelton was scratched, proving home line by head in \$125,000 Santa Anita Derby (see page 21).

FIELD TRIALS

Jack Rite Way, short 3-year-old, liver and white pointer Buck, ranging and hunting well over as third Apolonia Morganate had Mayday's smiling Salsburgh's Financier at Union Springs, Ala., faded and phased down eight covers in perfect run under expert handling of Druggie William P. Smith Jr. to win National Shooting Dog Championship, nation's top amateur trial. Covered Owner Jim Waugh: "She's a hunting bird. Can't learn to get enough."

Robert's Highway Agent, 10-month-old pointer, remained

FOCUS ON THE DEED



GRIM ICE KING Over Malle (left) of winning International Falls team gets off shot as Husky players wait expectantly in 3-1 final game of Minnesota schoolboy tournament at St. Paul.



SMILING ICE QUEEN Carol Heide takes the crown, flanked by runner-up Hanna Elpel (left) and Ingrid Wendt, after winning to world figure skating championship at Colorado Springs.



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SCOREBOARD *Continued*



Tom Cerecar, Harvard business student, traded Toni Staker in giant slalom and downhill and Piller Trophy for best overall performance in U.S. championship Aspen, Waco's winner: Madi Springer-Miller.



Jerry Hirsche, 17-year-old Portland skier-diver, dipped into 888-gallon tank at Oregonian Boat Show, regrettably emerged 25:15.39 later with new world underwater endurance record, went home to take a bath and 18-hour snooze.

sword by H. W. Egglus and the Rev. J. A. Bays of Knoxville, slinking tirelessly over muddy terrain at Gould Junction, Tenn., pointed 23 covers and four engines in four-round run to win professional horse-dog's "world series" and \$1,500 for Towner-Handler Hestman Stock of Hatcherbachler, Ala.

AUTO RACING

Jose Manuel Fanguo, relentlessly heavy-footed old man, stuck to business while dashing Marlene de Portugal and Tense Carroll Stucker provided thrills, rolling his Montreal 365 cubic inch Barossa's broad waterfront boulevard at 106-mph average to win first Cuban Grand Prix in 3:31.59 (see page 22).

Lance Kerrebrood, spirited sports-car-racing offspring of Woodward Heintz Barbara Hutton, marked his 21st birthday (properly celebrated by a semi-sauvage party), and with it came both riches and woe. Among his riches: \$100,000 all-electronic Beverly Hills mansion, complete with push-button window shades, from dating mother. His woe: suspension by SCCA because he misstated age when applying for racing license last year.

HOCKEY

Detroit faltered ever so slightly and Montreal and Boston began to come on with rash in NHL. Canadiens trounced Red Wings 5-1, 5-1 in fence stick-to-stick meetings before Bruins put temporary halt to streak with 5-2 victory. At week's end, Detroit held slender three-point edge over Montreal, led Boston by six points.

MILEPOST

ENGAGEMENT REVEALED—**Harold Cusack**, 25, U.S. Olympic hammer throw champion, world record holder (224 feet 10 1/2 inches) and harem Olga Fikomena, 24, Czech gold medal winner in discus throw; in Prague (see page 21).



HUGGING embrace from wife in reward of veteran Jockey Johnny Longden at Santa Anita after scoring his 5,900th victory.

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL

JIM DEVINE, Baltimore, over Los Angeles, 11-2, 11-2, Canadian women's singles, Brisbane, Cal. **DAVE MCSTASHEM**, Vancouver, over Nanci Moore, 1-12, 12-1, 12-1, Canadian men's singles, 2-3, over Gifford, 1-4, 4, American 12th on for Alan Kay, Anaheim.

HOCKEY

GEORGE T. STIVIS, Boston, 5, Vancouver Star Line scoring 10th, with 75 pts., Ben de Joux.

BOWLING

ROY WARD, 18-round decider over Ray West, Massachusetts, Boston. **WILLI WISNAGH**, 18-round decider over Glenn (Ray Ray) Wynn, Jarryvough, New York. **FRANK BOST**, 18-round decider over Johnny Gaudin, Jarryvough, New York.

GOLF

BOB ROYBOLD, San Francisco, Mexico Open, with 177 for 72 holes, Mexico City.

HORSE RACING

BRANDER, \$15,000 New Orleans 8, 1 1/4 m., 1st length, in 1:50 1/5, New Orleans, San Francisco.

HOCKEY

JOE LYNN, San Jose, Calif., AMA 200-m. 1st championship track-and-race for experts, about 1:45-1:46, with record 1:41.2 mph average, Daytona Beach.

FOOT

PAUL, over Virginia, 20-8, 1st rail, Atlantic City, 10th, New York.

SKING

ANTHONY JARROLD, Steamboat Springs, 1st, Red Canyon jumping race, with 211.1 pts. and record 265-foot leap, Beir, N.H.

SWIMMING

CECIL BRITAIN, over U.S., 5-5, for Wells-Rae Co., London.

TENNIS

FRANCO CORRALIS, over Ben Brumby, 3 matches to 1, Canadian men's World Pct. Tour, 11-7.



LUNGING opponent a momentary armadillo, Glen Glover Dixie Brazier regains his amusement in Chicago amateur bout.

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SNOW PATROL

Spot to Ski gives away this week in a report on Washington's Birthday shovels at ski spots across the nation

There is no way of making a head count of the mobs that turned out over the three-day Washington's Birthday weekend, but from the glacial hand-rubbing of resort owners, it is obvious that the 22nd of February is becoming as much the day of the skier as it is the day of our nation's founder.

Take the state of Washington. By Friday night, Feb. 22, a good 2,000 skiers had visited Stevens Pass. The Forest Service Lodge was bulging to the rafters. So was every other livable building in the area; and the Seattle Ski Club dormitory, with 120 sleepers taking up every bed in the house, began stacking mattresses on the floor. On Saturday, however, the rain came down in buckets. The Seattleites started home. But on gloomy Sunday, with the mountains a mass of ash and crust, back on the slopes stood several hundred stalwarts, swinging down the trails, happy in the knowledge they hadn't let old George down.

In northern California, the resort owners got a blizzard instead of a rain squall; and Alex Cushing, proprietor of Sequoia Valley, reported riding up on the lift with a man who was cheerfully unconcerned with the lack of room at the lodge because he had already dug a ski trench in a storm main-drift for himself and his sleeping bag.

Further south at Mammoth Mountain, Skischool Dave McCoy and his wife gazed in awe at the three miles of parked cars, at the lunch-counter crowds three deep around every noon, at the hordes on the lower slopes. They concluded that they had "never seen anything like it before." Neither had Sapp Runship in Vermont, where Snow's chair lifts and T-bars logged a record 66,000 trips.



ASPER CROWDS jammed the slopes to watch Red Cap over three-day weekend.

And neither had Walter Schotenknecht at Mt. Snow, where some 15,000 skiers poured half a million dollars into the pockets of jack-potners.

It remained for the rugged Westerners, however, to produce the ultimate in snow and snowmen. At Brighton, outside Salt Lake City, 2,000 skiers dared the 28-mile drive up Big Cottonwood Canyon without snow time. For three hours the canyon echoed to a symphony of howling horns, shrieking tires, and howling motorists that may never be duplicated. Were the skiers downhearted? No. They finally made it to Brighton by noon, staid out the day, sat out a Sunday blizzard and came back 2,400 strong on Sunday.

Finally, there was the avalanche of Texans that struck the Santa Fe Ski Basin. Every rental ski in town was snapped up by mid-afternoon, but so eager were the Texans that they grabbed up 12 pairs of snowshoes that Manager Russ Bainbridge kept on hand for maintenance work. Instructors were swamped by Texas pupils who "used to fit their skis onto cowboy boots and came lurching over the bluffs so we didn't know where to hide"; but now, apparently, they were eager to learn.

"It was the biggest spread we've ever had," said Bainbridge, totting up the weekend profits. "The place looked like a meat market just before closing time."

AS OF MARCH 2 *Nothing is as changeable as the weather, so be sure to phone resorts for latest reports*

TD—top slopes, depth in inches; BD—bottom slopes, depth in inches;
CR—ski crowd last weekend; SN—inches of snowfall last weekend

● EAST

Mount Snow, Vt. Weekend parties raved the day for snow. Top lift and Greenleaf closed, best skiing at bottom. Management cutting prices depending on number of lifts and trails closed. TD 10, BD 2-30, CR 2,000, SN 3.

Stowe, Vt. Ice Road and Top House parties closed, even to the chair. Weekend and Tuesday poor. BD 6-12, CR 500, SN 3.

Green Mt., N.H. Weekend, Christie closed, best skiing on top of Dyke. TD 4-16, CR 2,000, SN 10.

St. Germain, N.H. All lifts running, skiing poor to fair. Powdered area best. CR 300.

Mt. Tremont, N.H. Friday night snow made weekend skiing very good. Winners of Quebec Skischool were just Skier and Pate. Powder of Austin. TD 7-25, BD 3-15, CR 2,000, SN 4.

● WEST

Aspen, Colo. All trails well packed, skiing excellent. Todd Baker, Steve Ekholm put an impressive ski show for crowd. Baker's white knit cap is setting style trend. TD 10.

Brighton, Utah Skiing good to excellent on Jaws powder. TD 100, CR 1,500, SN 15.

Alta, Utah Skiing excellent in springlike weather. Mambo, Wild Street, Meadow packed. Good powder on Wildcat, Rustler. TD 17, SN 12.

San Vito, Idaho Hard packed powder on Seattle Ridge. Hard side of Skutumpah and top of Baldy excellent. TD 63, CR 1,000, SN 20.

Santa Fe, N.Mex. Heavy powder snow made best skiing in 20-year history. TD 15, SN 15.

● FAR WEST

Mt. Hood, Ore. Ski Patrol benefits. Snow brought big crowd. TD 120, CR 2,500, SN 10.

Mt. Baker, Wash. Springtime skiing. Fun excellent. Touring unimpaired. CR 2,000.

Mt. Rainier, Wash. All slopes and trails good. TD 100, BD 100, CR 1,000, SN 7.

Rogers Pass, Calif. Skiing good. CR 1,500.

Squaw Valley, Calif. Best skiing on North Bowl. Headline International. TD 12, SN 5.

Geopline, Wyo. Best skiing on rare snow. TD 10, CR 1,200, SN 2.

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It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of Your Host. Send in as many entries as you like. For example, a name might be *Playing Good*.

Don't send in this name. Think of better ones.

P28. Last year's Kentucky Derby prize pool, *American*, was his first start; net value to winner \$7,000,000. What will this year's prize pool be? Write his and me.

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THE BIG JUMP

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MOORE

A supreme moment in nordic sport is shown here as a skier heads down Oslo's Holmenkollen jump toward the 100,000 watchers below. For more on Holmenkollen, turn the page



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OPEN HOUSE IN OSLO

by HORACE SUTTON

Finland won the ski prize, but the Norwegian hosts held first place for hospitality during the Holmenkollen festival

ONCE A YEAR, in the middle of winter, some 100,000 citizens of Oslo, a city of 400,000 otherwise rational souls, travel five miles out of town to stand all day in the snow, necks craned to the sky. What inspires this deep-frozen dedication is the annual running of the Holmenkollen ski jump, an immense and graceful chute that begins at a tower 100 feet high and ends at the lip of the jump, which is three-and-a-half miles off the ground. At the rate of five a minute, several hundred skiers hurtle down the incline, flying as far as 200 feet through the frosty air.

This year, with fog blinding the jumpers and landing *also* craned down to a mere 80,000, the citizens of Oslo suffered a spiritual beating. An East German, 18-year-old Holmut Rockstad, won the special jump. Paavo Nurminen of Finland won the classic Nordic combined with the highest overall score in jumping and cross-country. Two other rugged Finns, Olympic Champion Velho Hakulinen (see next page) and Eero Kolchmainen, dominated the cross-country events. And when the three-day Nordic competitions were over, not one Norwegian had managed to get himself in first place. Glumly, the Norwegian hosts set about closing the hill until 1958.

For at Holmenkollen, when the last leap has been leaped, the chute is closed for jumping until next winter. During the rest of the year, visitors can admire the slide, have dinner in the restaurant just under the jump-off or visit the world's only ski museum built inside it. In the galleries are a Viking ski estimated to be 2,600 years old and hand-carved skin of the late 1880s. On hand, too, are the skis used by Mikkel Henningsen, who jumped 130 feet in Red Wing, Minnesota in the late 1880s and the equipment that helped Nansen explore the Arctic and Amundsen in his trek over Antarctica.

Near at hand is the Holmenkollen Hotel, first built of logs in 1894. It now has 65 rooms, 29 of them with bath, for which it charges the modest rate of \$3.60 for singles and \$4 for



EERO KOLCHMAINEN, FINLAND, LED FIELD IN 50-KILOMETER CROSS-COUNTRY TEST

doubles. Breakfast, which in Norway could include a greasing board of cold cuts, herring, cheeses and salads, costs 80¢ U.S., and for lunch and dinner there are such Norwegian delectables as *reinsdyr* (reindeer) schnitzel and *elghjort*, which is to say, elk beef, served with fried onions, whortleberries and apples. While an ordinary steak-and-potato man from the U.S. ought to be able to handle *reinsdyr* and *elghjort* as easily as a Lapp, it will take the hardiest pioneer to lap up that local gastronomic gem known as *rakkrøt*, which is a trout that has been allowed to stew in its own juice until slightly rotten. It comes to the table pink and redolent, smothered like Limburger, and is dispatched with salt and pepper, dill bread and butter and aquavit, perhaps for courage.

About the same fare, plus that reported delicacy, Norwegian ptarmigan, as well as standard international dishes, are available at the Frogsmønstret Hovedrestaurant, perched in the Holmenkollen area, 30 minutes from town. In summer grass grows on its

roofs, but summer or winter, through the plate-glass windows, the view of the city and the fjord below is magnificent, and skiers who work the slopes by day or the sleds by night stop by for drinks or dinner before sliding all the way into the city. For those who don't care to use their own power, the Holmenkollen railroad runs between midtown and the hill every 10 minutes. On a good snowboard Sunday it will fetch 75,000 skiers to the nearby hills. And in Oslo, to find how the sliding is, all you have to do is dial 69 for the latest snow report.

While it is possible to live in a big city hotel in downtown Oslo and ski the Holmenkollen area, the nearest ski resort is Norefjell, three hours away by bus. The downhill and giant slalom races were held there during the Olympics of 1952 and, on Feb. 23 and 24, Norway saved some of its ancient skiing honor at Norefjell and at nearby Rødkleiva, when Hans Magnus Andersen won the men's combined and Inger Bjørnbakken took the women's

continued

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Summary

謝世明與孔祥明：14-4，第222頁。Ling-Sun, 2002, 222。

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 $4(1 - \sqrt{145})^2 = 1 \Rightarrow 1 - \sqrt{145} = \pm \frac{1}{2} \Rightarrow \sqrt{145} = 1 \pm \frac{1}{2}$

► MORE EFFECTIVE: A study by the U.S. Army's performance center at Fort Benning and the U.S. Army Research Institute of the Human Resources Research and Development Command at Fort Monmouth, N.J., found that the use of a 360-degree feedback system improved performance by 10 percent.

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OPEN HOUSE IN OSLO

continued

combined in the Alpine phase of the Holmenkollen tournament.

There are two 7 bars in this mountain-hospital, one leading from the lake to the Fjellby Hotel at 2,255 feet and the other from the hotel to the top of a 4,380-foot mountain. The Fjellby disposes over 28 rooms, but the plumbing is down the hill. The Noerdjell Hut, built for the Olympics, is bright and modern, and the dining room looks out through the glass walls to Lake

including everything. Easter is the peak season.

Norwegian skin with steel edges and tips and plastic running surfaces which cost about \$80 in the U.S. are \$15 at Martin Eriksen in Oslo. (Stein Eriksen, son of the original Maris, teaches at Heavenly Valley, Calif.) Boots, on the other hand, are mostly imported from Italy, Austria, Switzerland and Germany, and the only real buy is in a skion shoe designed in Norway and made in Italy which costs \$34 in Oslo and \$50 in the U.S. Norwegian ski pants cost \$11 to \$23, but the best and



VEIKKO HAKILINEN, FINLAND, WON 15-KILOMETER, WAS SECOND IN 50-KILOMETER

Kröderen. It has 27 rooms, mostly for four, all with bunk beds. There is a ramped room downstairs, and the place serves wine but no hard liquor. Figure \$4 a day with food.

A race-ambitious resort in the Swiss and Austrian part of the Gail (they say Yale-o) on a high plateau about midway between Bergen on the North Sea and Gail. It is a five-hour ride from either side aboard the Bergen Railway, which is the only transport that makes the overland excursion in winter. A chair lift will take you to ski lands that stay coated into April. There are eight hotels in Gail, of which the Holm is about the best, offering suites in Norse style, with fireplaces, for \$8 a day.

Imported from Bagrut in Munich and are nearly 500 in Chile.

Bright Norwegian sweaters with silver buttons down the front, capied all over the world, cost anywhere from \$15 to \$20 here in their homeland. William Schmidt at Karl Johans Gate No. 41 has about the widest selection, as well as awlskin slippers for \$4; red and green felt after-skid boots for \$5.50; high stockings, the current vogue in American colleges, for \$3. The shelves are otherwise loaded with trawls, elves, blue-carved from the molar of a sperm whale, and other necessities. Tiedrop, on the same street, has been winning prizes in Italy for enameled metalware, but a vase (two 12 inches long and a

inch and a half across comes to \$100, and enamelled flatware is \$5 a piece. The Glassmagasin, which is really a department store specializing in glass, has on display some of the most handsome glassware seen since the first post-war designs that came out of Italy.

As for what else to spend your kroner on, Norway makes dissipation difficult, since hard liquor may not be served until 3 p.m. daily, a pattern which derives from the Norwegian habit of working from 8:30 morning until 4 and then going home. Since neither whiskey nor aperitif is sold on Saturdays and Sundays, Saturday night in Norway is not only the loneliest but the driest night in the week.

Moorish trappings, Arab life

Nonetheless, there is lively business on legal occasions at the bar of the Bristol, which is probably the best hotel in Oslo. And next door in the Bristol grill room a chef works over an open fire. In the labyrinth of the Bristol is a giant cave known as the Den Maaske Hall where some 400 Norwegians can assemble at one time amid the Moorish trappings, while an orchestra full of flutes and fiddles serenades under cover of an Arab tent. Diplomats and the well-to-do cluster in La Belle Sole, which is small and elegant and by Oslo's standards overpriced. The same set meets later in the Telle at Frithjof Nunsen's Place No. 4. On these premises the same owner operates a giant shed for the hai polle known as the Regnbuen, or Rainbow.

The rooms are cell-like in the new Viking, built by the city for the Olympics (\$3 to \$4 a day), but the public salons are done in brilliant Scandinavian design, particularly the dining room, which has painted wood carvings by Paul Rene Gauguin, grandson of Paul of Tahiti. The arty art assembles in the restaurant of the Continental, which is an otherwise commercial hotel, or else at the Blegen on Karl Johans Gate, which is something of an inn. A fountain drips into a pool in the inner court, waiters scurry back and forth with Blom's Black Pot (chicken, beef, ham, onions and wine: \$1.35), and shields dedicated to Ham, Vigeland, Munch and Gering decorate the walls. They are members of the Grand Cross of the Purple Nose. Short of being so elected by Oslo's Society of Artists, which once owned the restaurant, the quickest way of attaining a purple nose in Oslo—the blue laws being what they are—is to join the crowd at the Holmenkollen watching the daring young men on the flying deep freeze. ■ ■ ■



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at Hialeah and Santa Anita and one step farther as

ROYALTY'S RULER

THESE 10,000 racing fans, flamingo lovers and winter tourists at Hialeah last Saturday had every reason to know that they would be watching the No. 1 glamour race of the winter. It must have occurred to very few of them that they would also witness the fastest mile-and-a-furlong race ever run by a 3-year-old anywhere in the world.

All week long the rival trainers of the seven Flamingo Stakes horses had indulged in a beautiful sparring session in which the double-talk would have done justice to Casey Stengel. The heavy rains which had first turned the Hialeah strip into an awful mess of goo gave most trainers good cause for optimism. Their horses, they said confidently, just loved the mud and Bold Ruler had never run in it. To this, Bold Ruler's trainer, Mr. James E. Fitzsimmons, had a simple and logical reply: "I don't know how my horse would go in the mud, but neither does anybody else know."

Fortunately—since a muddy strip might have left the result of the Flamingo inconclusive—a brilliant sun settled on Hialeah 48 hours before the race, and Flamingo Day found the strip lightning fast.

The Calumet entry of Gen. Duke and Iron Liege was going to be dangerous, and everyone knew it. The morning of the race, Trainer Jimmy Jones got up from breakfast and said philosophically, "Of course we've got a chance. All we can do is run for it. I like to run—especially for \$100,000—but I'm not being fooled into thinking or believing that Bold Ruler won't be just as good or better than he was in the Everglades a race in which Gen. Duke defeated Bold Ruler by a head while being conceded 12 pounds."

An hour before the race found Mr. Fitz sitting quietly in the shade of a palm tree in the paddock. He had given his colt little more than a series of nice open gallops during the week and now, as he greeted one wall-walker after another, he commented, "If Bold Ruler isn't ready now, it's too late anyway."

There had been a certain amount of comment among newsmen all week to the effect that Bold Ruler must have a tremendous stride. "It's true," said Mr. Fitz, "he's got the longest stride of any horse I've ever trained, but what's remarkable about this horse, rather than his stride, is how he gets on his way so fast. Long-striding horses usually are slow to get into full stride. This colt is very fast away from that gate. I feel I forgot the best horse, but all I can do now is trust the Lord—and Arcaro."

If the Lord had looked down on Arcaro at that moment he would have found him stretched out on a rabbing table in the jockeys' room discussing the race which millions would shortly see on their television sets. Eddie let out with an enormous yawn and said, "Sure, there's a lot of talk about these other two colts. Well, hell, I'll put it this way: I wouldn't trade mounts with any other jock in the race. That's the way I feel about Bold Ruler."

In the saddling enclosure Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, Bold Ruler's owner, was surrounded by various members of the Fitzsimmons clan while one of them, Sunny Jim's granddaughter Kathleen, proudly pointed out a Roman Catholic miraculous medal tied neatly to Bold Ruler's forelock. Nervously crossing her fingers, she exclaimed, "It's the same one Nathan wore when he won this race." Up the line, Mrs. Gene Markey watched Jimmy Jones saddle his pair, and then told Gen. Duke's rider, Willie Hartack, "I won't shake hands with you before, Willie, but I certainly will afterward."

OFF LIKE A ROCKET

True to Mr. Fitz's predictions, Bold Ruler carried his 122 pounds full horses in this one were equally weighted at 122) out of the gate like a rocket and set off as though he'd kill off his field in the first half mile. But, as Arcaro recalled afterward, "The difference between this race and the Everglades was that he raced more kindly. In the first

BOLD RULER AFTER HIS CORNBURNING FLAMINGO

one he wouldn't rate at all. Today, as we went into the first turn, I dropped my hands on him and he came right back to me while we gave way to Federal Hill."

On they churned, with Federal Hill kicking off the first half in 45 2/5 after a 22 3/5 first quarter. Arcaro made his move on the back side and the clock showed six furlongs in 1:39 2/5. At a mile, Bold Ruler seemingly had it clinched and the stands gasped at what the teller showed: a mile in 1:34 2/5—or the identical time that stood as Equine's world record for 17 years. But Gen. Duke was moving now, up to second but still two lengths out of it. An eighth of a mile from home, Arcaro whirled his colt sharply five times and settled down to ride. Hartack was driving and driving furiously on the outside, while his partner Iron Liege was already wrapping up third place from the rest of the pack. "For a second or two in the last sixteenth," said Eddie, "Bold Ruler was easing up on me at the finish. But when he saw Gen. Duke close up almost even with him he turned it on again. It may have looked like Gen. Duke was going to nail us, but I'd tell you from the way my horse felt he could have gone another eighth and still won."

The time for Bold Ruler's neck victory was 1:47 even; to give you an idea of what it means, 1:47 is a second and one-fifth faster than any of the previous Flamingos and one-fifth of a second faster than the track record set by Spartan Valor as a 4-year-old carrying 118 pounds in 1952. But even more



significant is that Bold Ruler's time misses the world record by only one-fifth of a second. That record is shared by three horses—all of whom ran it as either horses and all of whom ran it in California. The names of the three: Near, Alden and Swaps.

What next for Bold Ruler and Gen. Duke? Another likely meeting at Calistoga Park in the Florida Derby on March 30. Then on to the Kentucky Derby, Derby Day (May 4) is a long way off, but last week's Flamingo audience at Hialeah is convinced they've already won the Derby winner. And for most of them Bold Ruler will be a name they'll never forget.

One man who will certainly never forget him is A. R. (Ball) Hancock Jr., an owner Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky. Bold Ruler was foaled on April 6, 1954. Bull Hancock watched the record-smashing Flamingo. "You know," he said, "when that horse was a yearling I couldn't have gotten \$5 for him. He was the worst stall walker I ever had, and I couldn't get an ounce of meat on him. Goes to show you, doesn't it, how unpredictable the horse business is." Sure does.

—WARTNEY TOWNE

A few hours before race time, the announcement was made over the loudspeaker and a great groan went through the crowd of 50,000, largest of the meeting, who had packed Santa Anita Park to its imported stadium: Prince Khalid had been scratched and would not contest the 10th running of the Santa Anita Derby. A lead pony had accidentally shaken him with his hoof in a workout.

Prince Khalid's defection seemed to spell completely the Santa Anita Derby as a breeder of a champion to beat the East's best in the Kentucky Derby this May. What was left on the track was a pack of lackluster western colts who had difficulty beating each other with any degree of regularity this season. Even before the Prince abdicated, Ohman Travis Kerr had down his \$115,000 Pinesquillo colt, Round Table, out for the race as a supplementary entry. The money looked that easy.

But when the race was over, if West Coast hearts didn't beat a little easier, they at least beat a little faster. The winner was a plucky, toothless little colt, Sir William, bred and foaled in the state of Washington, where championship race horses are not supposed to come from.

Sir William is owned by an eastern Washington wheat and cattle rancher

in his mid-30s, Herb A. Armstrong, who doesn't bother to go to the races himself, just sends his horses. He is trained by a horseman, Cecil Jolly, who is not quite sure where Louisville, Ky. is—since he has never been off the West Coast.

On the rough-and-tumble farm where he was raised, Sir William learned early in life not to expect something for nothing. He tried to take nourishment from the wrong mare so a foal and got his front teeth kicked out for his pains. On the open range Sir William would starve. In the barn he does very nicely, thank you.

It was Sir William's placid acceptance of the hard knocks in life which brought him to the winner's circle. "He got his real hard by clods at the five-eighths pole," revealed Jackey Henry Moreno later. "I know, because one of them liked to have beaten my goggles and I heard them smack him in the face. He never even hesitated."

The race itself was run in the mile-horse time of 1:34 1/5. But the weather had been sodden all week and the track was the kind most horses dread—officially "slow," but a holding and tiring furrow of gumbo. Sir William was 10th at the half-mile, moved to fifth with a rush and was third at the head of the stretch when the eastern carpetbagger, Round Table, then leading, ran so wide it seemed for a time as though he were headed for the grandstand.

Second was naturally California-bred, Striking Abbey, who finished a bare head behind Sir William and a bare nose in front of Round Table.

But the race was Sir William's, and Trainer Cecil Jolly was highly excited as he showed up in the press box with his garland of flowers and the trophy later. How good a colt is Sir William? he was asked. "I don't know and you don't either," he grinned.

Would he take him on to Kentucky for the Derby and take on Bold Ruler and Gen. Duke and the rest of them? Jolly looked thoughtful. "You know," he said, "it would be a big shot in the arm for the folks back in Washington if he even ran fourth or fifth in Kentucky. I don't think a Washington-bred ever got in that race."

Jolly's guarded faith was not shared by Jackey Moreno, who won the 1953 Kentucky Derby aboard Dark Star. "This is the best horse I rode since Turn-To (in 1933)," he announced. "I would be proud to ride him in Kentucky. They might cut-run him but they won't scare him. He's got guts."

—JAMES MURRAY



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BASEBALL FORECAST: RAIN

by GERALD HOLLAND

FOR 55 YEARS, the men who run organized baseball have huddled under a legal umbrella raised for them by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Supreme Court in 1922 and steadied in their grasp by another high court

decision in 1953. The umbrella is now leaking badly.

This was the deeper significance of a 6-3 decision of the Supreme Court last week which was primarily directed at the status of professional football.

The court ruled that—whatever else it is—pro football is a business engaged in interstate commerce and therefore subject to the antitrust laws.

It was Justice Tom C. Clark, reading the court decision, who brought up



DANNY GARDELLA attacked baseball's reserve clause, but settled case out of court.



WILLIAM BABCOCK charged Macklin's veto decision in the U.S. Supreme Court.



GEORGE TOOLE branded baseball a monopoly, but court followed precedents.

baseball. Were it not for the "umbrella" raised in 1922, he said, "were we considering the question of baseball for the first time upon a clean slate, we would have no doubts." I.e., baseball would be merely a business too.

While the first effect of the decision was to throw professional football's owners and league officials into a state of near-hysteria (NFL Commissioner Bert Bell delivered a ringing message for that sought to prove there was very little money to be made in the game), there was also an almost immediate flurry of action in Congress.

Accepting Justice Clark's tacit invitation to clarify baseball's special status, Representative Owen Harris, a Democrat of Arkansas, introduced a bill which would not only keep the umbrella over baseball but enlarge it to cover pro football, basketball and hockey as well. "If the federal government sticks its nose into sports," he said, "sooner or later the American people will lose their principal form of entertainment."

But across the floor of the House Representative Patrick J. Hillings, Republican of California, denounced organized baseball as a "homebody cartel" and introduced a bill to remove the umbrella entirely.

Representative Emanuel Celler, New York Democrat who was chairman of a House Judiciary subcommittee that investigated baseball—inconclusively—in 1951, spoke in favor of the Hillings bill. He said that the Supreme Court should now redefine baseball as a business in the same category as football. "You can't," he said, "call one a fish and the other a fowl."

Most baseball men preferred to say nothing. When they did speak, they tried to be brave.

"We are not involved," said Ford Frick, baseball's commissioner.

"As far as baseball is concerned," said Frick's attorney, Lou Carroll, "the Supreme Court decision merely reaffirms the decisions of 1922 and 1953 which declared baseball to be a sport and not a business."

"Baseball will be given free"

But J. Norman Lewis, the outspoken attorney for the Major League Baseball Players Association, saw Justice Clark's decision as the beginning of the end for baseball's favored status.

"What will happen now is easy to see. Congress has already taken action. There will be hearings and witnesses representing the owners, and players will be heard. It will be clear to everyone that baseball is, in fact, a business and must conform to antitrust laws."

"However, because of baseball's unique position and because owners allowed themselves to believe that the decisions of the Supreme Court in 1922 and 1953 would stand forever, baseball will be given time to make the necessary changes gradually. Football did not get this special consideration, but baseball will."

As for the reserve clause, binding a ballplayer to one club for life unless he is sold or traded, Lewis believes it is doomed. "As I pointed out," he said, "baseball will be given time to find other forms of contract. What they will be I don't know. Maybe something like the contracts motion picture companies give to actors."

Whether Lewis was right or Frick was correct in assuming baseball's non-involvement in the pro football decision, one thing was sure: it was quite another world when the court first gave the game protective status.

Six months before Grandland Rice described the first World Series by radio in the fall of that year, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover opened a Washington conference of radio broadcasters and manufacturers by declaring: "We have witnessed in the last four or five months one of the most astounding things that has come under my observation of American life. This department estimates that today more than 600,000 persons possess wireless telephone receiving sets, whereas there were less than 10,000 sets a year ago." As Mr. Hoover spoke, people were lined up four deep at sales counters, and one manufacturer was wildly predicting that the market would not be saturated until 3 million sets were sold.

Radio (there are 143 million sets in use today) did not enter into the Supreme Court's reasoning in 1922. Nor did television which was then only a Sunday supplement dream. What did matter to the Supreme Court, in deciding against the Federal League's charge of monopoly against the two major leagues, was the lower court's contention that baseball was an innocent of interstate commerce as a firm of lawyers sending one of their number across a state line to try a case, or a lecture bureau sending a Chautauque lecturer out on tour.

The umbrella was raised and it kept the club owners snug and their powder

notified

continued

dry until 1949. Then one Danny Gardella, a former outfielder for the New York Giants, filed a suit for \$160,000 against the league, charging that under the monopolistic reserve clause he had been denied reinstatement in the majors after walking out on the Giants to play a season in the Mexican League.

The federal district court judge who heard the case, explaining that he was bound by the 1922 Supreme Court decision, nevertheless expressed the unofficial suspicion that the Court of Appeals might reinstate the case. The higher court did just that and for a brand-new reason. It held that interstate broadcasting and televising of baseball games had altered the situation since 1922. The 1922 decision, the late Judge Jerome Frank said, was an "impotent simile."

This was enough for A. B. (Happy) Chandler, then commissioner of baseball. He hastily passed the hat among the club owners and made an out-of-court settlement (reported to be \$180,000) with Danny Gardella.

But although the Gardella threat was thus circumvented, the case had the effect of encouraging a New York Yankee farm hand, George Tooten, to go into court and charge that baseball was an illegal monopoly (he had been placed on the ineligible list for refusing to report to a minor league club) and that baseball's reserve clause made him a victim of blacklisting.

When the Tooten case reached the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Warren, delivering the majority opinion, said that baseball had been permitted to

function for more than 30 years (and to invest heavily in the game's plants) on the assumption that it was protected by the Holmes decision. Congress, having done nothing to alter the situation, Chief Justice Warren and his associates said they would not disturb the prevailing decision that baseball was more sport than business.

So much for Tooten, baseball men thought. But they had not heard the last of Tooten.

The Lions said no

Came now William Radovich, formerly a guard with the Detroit Lions. He sued the National Football League, Commissioner Bert Bell of the NFL, J. Rufus Klavans, commissioner of the Pacific Coast League and all member teams of the National League at the time of his alleged "blacklisting." Radovich detailed how, in 1946, he asked the Detroit Lions to transfer him to Los Angeles because of the illness of his father. The transfer refused, he signed with the Los Angeles Dons of the All-America Conference which was not an NFL affiliate. Then, in 1948, he was offered a job as player-coach with the San Francisco Clippers of the Pacific Coast League.

Thereupon, charged Radovich, the National Football League informed the Clippers (as an NFL affiliate) that they could not sign him because he had broken his Detroit contract in jumping to the Los Angeles Dons.

Before the Radovich case reached the Supreme Court, a lower court had dismissed his complaint, taking the view that professional football was a team sport, as professional baseball was, and as such was entitled to the

same immunity from the antitrust laws. Thus, the National Football League felt that baseball's umbrella covered its case as well.

In a dissenting opinion last week, Justice Felix Frankfurter agreed with the NFL view. But Justice Clark and the majority granted Radovich the right to go back to the lower court and seek to prove that the NFL, and the other defendants did in fact violate the antitrust laws to which (as is now established) they are subject. If Radovich succeeds, he may be awarded as much as \$160,000 in treble damages.

But that is not the question of the hour. The question is: how can professional football (as professional boxing was earlier) be called a business and not a sport if baseball is to continue to enjoy the protection of Justice Holmes' old umbrella?

A fact that no legal brief and no court decision can acknowledge adequately is baseball's unique place in the affections of all the people—not excluding Congressmen. Killing baseball would be like killing Santa Claus or the television actor who plays the part of Wyatt Earp.

But would baseball's reclassification as a business necessarily do that? Elder Statesman Branch Rickey said at the Florida training camp of the Pittsburgh Pirates last week: "I cannot conceive of baseball surviving without the reserve clause. Without it, there would be chaos. I do not believe anybody wants that to happen."

Nobody does. But baseball has had to adapt itself to many a change since 1922 and perhaps, if the worst happens, the game could learn to get along without that old umbrella.

END



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EXCALIBUR: THE STEELHEAD

The brilliant game fish of the Pacific coast, like King Arthur's gleaming sword, is a prize that can be won only by the skillful, the courageous and the strong

by PAUL O'NEIL

THE rest of the world's trout may be taken in summer, to the sound of birds and the pleasant hum of insects, but the Steelhead—the big, sea-going rainbow of the Northwest coasts—is winter's child. To know him you must gird as for war and wade the rivers when they are bitter cold—in steel-filled gloom, or in frowning blue weather when the leafless alders gleam in pale sunlight along the streams, and ice forms in the guides of your rod. To know the Steelhead, you should hart with cold and nurse a little fear of the numbing current which pushes against your waders; it can pull you down and make you gasp and drown you, as Steelhead streams methodically drowns a few of your fellow fishermen with every passing year.

The Steelhead may be pursued in fairer weather, and in easier ways. He runs as far south as the Sacramento River in California. Some of his number run in the early spring, and, in such rivers as the Snake and Oregon's famed Rogue, he runs in the summer, too. But he is a northern fish; when he leaves the sea to spawn, he comes mostly to the rivers of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska, and he migrates chiefly during December, January and February. The

fisherman who has not met him when it is cold has not been properly introduced. Winter sets the stage for him and makes him unique.

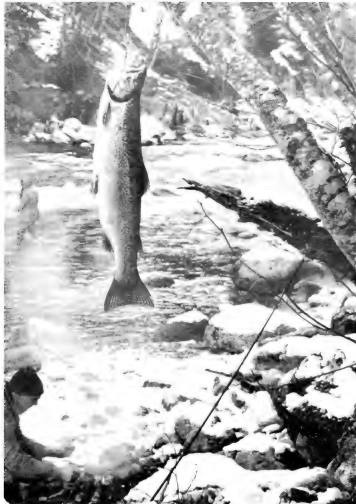
There is ominous drama in the very look of a chill, green river on a dark and stormy afternoon, and a man fighting cold and snow to wade it is being properly conditioned for his moment of revelation. For the Steelhead is a fish which makes an impact upon the adrenalin-producing glands rather than the intellect. He is always big (6 to 30 pounds), and he burns with savage energy from the limitless feed of the ocean he has left behind. He can hurtle into the air a split second after he is hooked, and flash hugely out in the murk, like the sword Excalibur thrust up from the depths—at once a gleaming prize and a symbol of battle. At that sight, and at the first astounding wrench of the rod, the fisherman is rewarded for his hardihood: he is suddenly warm and reckless, and simultaneously possessed of mindless desperation and rocketing hope.

Men in the grip of this atavistic elation sometimes find themselves doing extraordinary things. A Steelhead out in moving water at the end of a 6-pound test leader and a 9-pound

continued



A sportsman's silver symbol, this fresh-caught Steelhead hangs near banks of icy Skokholm River in Washington as his hat-numbered conqueror shows out by fire





LORD OF THE WINTERY RIVER. the Steelhead is a fish men gladly fight for. As rugged as his name implies when he comes in from the Pacific Ocean to the tumbling streams where he was born, this member of the rainbow is a bitter-sweet fighter when hooked.

THE STEELHEAD

continued

monofilament line transmits a horrifying sense of power to the rod. Many an otherwise conservative fellow has found himself headlessly following his fish downstream—laboring wildly along a gravel bar while up to the waist in icy water, body half buoyant, weightless feet feeling desperately for bottom, kicking red heel legs and tumbled hands working the reel with reverence to get back precious line.

Men have tripped, gone down with a splash, and come up with hardly a change of expression to carry on the struggle; they have run along river banks, hurdling rocks and thrashing out into the water around log jams, in their effort to turn, control and finally dominate their trout. A lot of them have lost. A few have literally hauled their rods into the stream at the awful second when the line went irrevocably slack. But of course a lot of men—and women, too—have won battles with a big fish in bad water, have guessed when it was time to say, "Now it's you or me," have increased the pressure, controlled the startling submarine disturbance at the end of the line, have endured the trout's last jump and

its surface splashing, and have finally reached it—silver, iridescent and enormous—on shelving gravel or frozen sand and have reached for its gills like a prospector bending at last over the mother lode. And afterwards have relaxed, before an evening fire, in a glow of weariness and euphoria.

Not every struggle with a Steelhead is so difficult, for the fish is a creature of moods, and water and weather vary. But the measure of the big trout is his impact upon man, individually and en masse. It is dramatic in the extreme. During the last 10 years Steelhead fishing has become a near mania in the Northwest. One man in 10 in western Washington braves the wintry cold to fish the Steelhead streams, and a quarter of a million do so along the West Coast as a whole.

Hundreds of night-shift workers at the Boeing Airplane Company's plants in Seattle and Renton keep rods in their cars and fish on their way home in the morning. Doctors, lawyers, bankers and engineers fish for Steelhead, talk about Steelhead and dream about Steelhead from November to March. Many a visitor from afar has caught the virus, and many a Northwesterner, trapped in the cities of the East and South, goes on mooning about

winter fishing year after year. A lot of people who never fish—but like to eat—applaud the Steelhead too. Baked or broiled, he is a delight to the palate; juicy, succulent, similar to salmon in color, taste and texture but with a delicate hint of rainbow trout flavor which is difficult to describe but wonderful to experience.

LIKE many another public figure, the Steelhead elicits fervent testimonials. Ex-President Herbert Hoover has been a steelheader for decades (his favorite streams: the Klamath and the Rogue), and Jim Phelan nurses memories of fishing the Skagit during his gaudy years as football coach at the University of Washington. Clark Gable is still recovering emotionally from his first Steelhead, a bright fish which he took on a dry fly and which jumped 11 times before he finally landed it. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas (who has a weather-beaten fishing shack in Washington's Quillayute River wilderness) considers the big trout the "champion of champions" and talks raptly of his "first great jump, and the mad-daring race downstream in fast water."

Although he is a game fish, the Steelhead also has a marked influence upon



ILLUSTRATION BY RUDOLF FREUND

business: it is estimated that \$16 million was spent, directly and indirectly, in pursuit of him in the state of Washington alone last year. Sporting goods stores not only sell tons of fishing gear calculated to make certain his demise (see box, page 64), but also retail pamphlets with maps of streams, detailed descriptions of holes and drifts, and even intelligence on the attitudes of farmers whose fields abut the stream. Newspapers run almost daily pronouncements on fishing conditions. Motels near distant rivers do a brisk winter business. Department stores cater to the steelheader's need for voluminous costume—the rites of preparing for the wintry stream have become almost as formalized as those of the ancient knight preparing for the lists.

In his efforts to armor himself against the cold, many a fisherman has turned to long underwear of quilted Diaron, or of materials which incorporate thousands of insulating air coils, and to heavy woolen "feet gloves"—so called because both thumbs and forefingers have panels of thin nylon which permit the angler to remain sensitive to the reel. He must have waders or hip boots, a slicker, thick woolen socks, fishing vest, a sou'wester, wool shirt and heavy sweaters as well, and, once

laboriously girded for the fray, he often stuffs two or three hand warmers (which burn lighter fluid) into his pockets to create islands of heat around his ruffled torso. "They are," says Dr. Fred Cleveland of Seattle's Mason Clinic, "the greatest comfort to man since the invention of women."

This furor seems only logical, for the Steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*) which was almost ignored during the Northwest's early decades, is one of the world's toughest and most brilliant game fish and a prince of the beautiful salmonoid family. Pound for pound, he is lustier and more enduring than any of the six strains of Pacific salmon. Unlike them, he does not face inevitable death after spawning—if he can maintain more than 60% of his body weight in migration up a stream, he will get back to the sea, rebuild his strength, grow bigger and return to spawn again.

Exhaustion tests have shown that he can swim for minutes in water fast enough to wash the big king salmon downstream. He is bold: at sea, even as a small fish, he does not school up like Pacific salmon but swims alone. In streams, he is a heavy-water fish, and moves by preference in deep, fast-moving currents. He is hardy: Steelhead have come into coastal streams

with their body cavities ripped open by sharks and have still hit a lure and have fought gallantly. He is an amazing jumper. Pacific salmon have never surmounted Shipyard's Falls, a roaring, 60-foot cataract in Washington's Wind River (although they now negotiate it by fish ladder), but the Steelhead is able to pick his way up by leaping from one small pocket of waste, four, five or six feet to the next, often jumping at odd angles to hit the targets he must nose but cannot possibly see as he launches himself.

THE Steelhead and his blood brother, the rainbow trout, seem quite obviously to be the same fish. When they are small they are absolutely indistinguishable. Though the Steelhead turns a bright silver in the sea, he gradually darkens again when he returns to his river, and the bold, red rainbow stripe reappears down his sides. Why, fishermen have asked for decades, do some rainbows go to sea and some stay content to live out their lives in fresh water?

For the answer it is necessary to go back millions of years to the ice age—to a time before the existence of the fresh-water streams up which the

continued

THE STEELHEAD

reelhead

Steelhead and other anadromous fishes now make their adventurous voyages into the coastal valleys. A prehistoric sea trout spawned in brackish waters at the feet of glaciers, and from him both strains of fish have descended. As the glaciers receded, and rivers formed, these prehistoric trout went farther and farther inland to spawn. During the immense period of time this process involved, some of them—the rainbows—became physically accustomed to fresh water, perhaps after being landlocked by slides or disturbance of terrain, and doubtless then only after flooding water containing enough minerals and food to allow the strongest to survive. The Steelhead, however, went on returning to the ocean.

Over the centuries—despite their identical appearance—the two strains of trout have developed differences in organic function. The body fluids of both must still contain 75,000ths of 1% salt if they are to live—the same percentage which existed in the brackish waters from which their common ancestor stemmed. To maintain this balance, the fresh-water rainbow has developed gills and kidneys capable of conserving salt and throwing off water. But the ocean is 2½% saline, and the organs of the sea-going Steelhead perform a reverse function—they throw off salt and conserve water. A rainbow will die after a half hour in the ocean. But a little Steelhead, who looks exactly like him, develops a salt deficiency when he is 7½ to 8 inches long (and probably other needs, as well, since his streams are low in cobalt, iodine and calcium). He grows restless, he loses appetite, his scales become deciduous, and he heads downstream for the sea, where he grows prodigiously.

In some respects, he is probably closer to the famed Atlantic salmon—which, despite its name, is a trout, too

—than to his own blood brothers, the rainbow. Anglers who have caught both tend to speak of them only in contrast, but fisheries experts, confronted by a Pacific Steelhead and an Atlantic salmon, both fresh from the ocean (and thus a common silver color) have been unable to decide which was which; they are, in essence, the same fish. For all his similarity to the Atlantic salmon, however, the Steelhead has adapted himself to his own environment in distinctive ways during his eon of adventuring from the Pacific into the western valleys of the North American continent.

ALL Steelhead spawns in the early spring, but they swim up rivers of varying length to do so. Since some, as a consequence, must start their journeys earlier than others, they have divided themselves into three separate races: the great race of winter-run fish, which enter streams in the cold months; the summer-run fish, which come into rivers in July and August; and a group which runs into the Columbia River in April and May.

All of these fish are virtually indistinguishable to the eye (although body shapes and coloring may vary subtly from one watershed to the next), and all carry amazing supplies of fuel as they start upstream. For sheer performance, however, the spring- and summer-run fish are seldom matched in nature; they come from the ocean prepared to stay in fresh water from eight to 11 months, and some of them to swim all the way into the wilds of Idaho or eastern British Columbia, there to perform the reproductive function—and they are prepared to manage all these labors without any feeding worthy of the name.

Men have caught scores of Steelhead, and have inevitably found their stomachs empty; thus it is popularly supposed in many quarters that they do not feed at all in rivers. Actually

they do, and at times on very odd fodder—mice and birds' feathers, for instance—and it is this instinct which makes them attack bait and lures which Pacific salmon will refuse in streams. But the flesh and internal cavities of Steelhead are so packed with vital oils, fats, salts and minerals when they leave the sea that their stomachs are squeezed almost to the point of uselessness by the riches in their bodies. There is logic in this: the rivers contain little feed during the cold months, and even in the summertime the coastal streams of the Northwest lack the heavy insect life and big fly hatches of more easterly waters.

During all his time in the river, the Steelhead is marvelously governed—both as a game fish and as a creature intent on reproducing his own kind—by water temperature. A Steelhead is only infinitesimally warmer than the water in which he swims. He will die after a while in water colder than 38° because his metabolism slows to a point at which it cannot compete with the natural forces of breakdown in his body. At 39° he is lazy and unresponsive; at 40°, if hooked, he will often be disappointingly easy to land, but at 42° or 43° he will go berserk at the first feel of the snubbing rod.

He comes into rivers and descends of his upstream traveling in them when they are high, protectively discolored and generally unfishable; not because he cannot swim in shallows but because streams almost invariably grow cold when they are low and clear in the winter. The sea stays at 45°, and he tends to linger off rivermouths. Like a man hesitating to step into a cold bath, until they warm and flood with rain. Once in fresh water he will pause in holes and runs when freeways set in; thus the angler, who needs clear water, is eternally forced out in boisterous weather, both when streams are dropping or when they first begin to warm (a word used only relatively) and rise,



DOZENS OF STEELHEAD, ANSWERING THE MYSTERIOUS HOMING CALL OF NATURE, GLIDE UP THE UMPQUA RIVER IN OREGON

Each seasonal increase in stream temperatures, too, brings the female fish closer to ripeness. Steelhead have a passion for survival; the parent fish spawn in the main channels of streams under moving and aerated water where there is little chance that drought can expose the nest or redd. Female Steelhead construct these incubators by lying on their sides over gravel bottom and undulating rhythmically—thus creating a hydraulic force which dredges a depression in the stream bed for them. The nests are four or five feet long and 18 inches deep; when the eggs are ejected and fertilized, the current washes the disturbed gravel back into the depression and covers them.

Once they are buried, the eggs will hatch in 50 days at an average water temperature of 50—but will take five days longer for each degree of cold below this level. As a result, the tiny, newly hatched fish are seldom thrown into the world until spring has really begun. Even so, they lead a rugged life. They must fight their way up through a foot and a half of sand and gravel after emerging from the egg, and, once free in the water, they become the prey of fatalistic instinct. Though only three-fourths of an inch long, they start confidently downstream to seek a place of their own along the banks and shallows; those which cannot find unoccupied growing space swim serenely on into salt water and perish, sacrifices to the need for an uncrowded river and the demands of their luckier brothers and sisters.

Of all the anadromous fishes of the Pacific, the Steelhead serves the severest apprenticeship for the sea; western salmon leave the stream by the time they are a year old, some of them after only 50 days. But the Steelhead stays two years, and only the fittest of his number survive. He goes seaward, moreover, only in March, April or May. If he develops the physiological need for salt water later in the year he will stubbornly resist it until the next spring and will die rather than violate his timetable. He is born with an instinct for hiding himself—no matter how restless he is, he will not start for the ocean except in the dark of the moon, on an cloudy night or when the water is murky from rains.

In the ocean the Steelhead feeds greedily on shrimp and herring, avoids—if he can—marauding sharks and seals, and grows tremendously. In 20 or 21 months he weighs from six to 15 pounds and heads back toward land,

(continued)



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THE STEELHEAD

continued

guided to his own streams (there are 142 Steelhead rivers in Washington alone) by that mysterious homing instinct common to all salmonoid fishes. An appointed few of his number, however, linger for yet another year in the ocean. These reluctant fish are nature's insurance against some home-streams disaster which might wipe out the run, and they follow the next winter, bearing seed which would re-establish their strain. They—and those Steelhead which are able to spawn more than once—are the angler's prize; they weigh 20, 25, even 30 pounds and are awesome creatures to cross.

The pursuit of Steelhead has gone on in the Northwest for over half a century but for most of that time only the hardiest and most dedicated of fishermen braved the cold along the wintry streams. The only lure used was a walnut-size cluster of salmon eggs—a commodity which imparts a gloriously fishy stench to the person. Some fishermen "plunked" them—that is, sank a baited hook and a chunk of lead in a deep hole and simply waited for a fish to hook himself. Most anglers "drifted"—that is, they cast a lightly weighted bait across a stream and allowed it to bump along the bottom in a long arc. Plunking was slow. Drifting demanded long practice, sometimes years of it, for a Steelhead does not strike salmon eggs, but only mouths them delicately, and proper use of a level-wind reel is not learned in a day.

In the years after World War II, however, two handy and efficient devices suddenly set off today's stampede to the Steelhead streams. The spinning reel made every dub an expert caster, and a Seattle barber named Willis B. Korf invented a curious new lure, the Cherry Bobber, which permitted a tyro to hook a Steelhead. The original bobber was simply a round piece of wood, the size and color of a cherry, which sported a rotating brass spinner, and a naked treble hook. For reasons best known to himself, the Steelhead snatched at this gadget with alacrity when it was drifted near him on the bottom, and usually did so with a jerk which instantly informed the angler that he was jiggling-to-jiggling with the foe.

The Steelhead boom has been growing ever since; when compared to the tradition-governed and selective convocations of the Atlantic salmon fishermen, it is an anarchistic phenomenon,

full of the fever and opportunism of an early western land rush. The private water and club rules of Scottish and Canadian salmon streams do not exist in the Northwest—every man, woman and child has access to streams and the right to take Steelhead—and there are no revered and ancient methods.

The Cherry Bobber has been followed by the "clown bobber," a small, er wooden head painted yellow with red spots, the Fish Bug, a lure carved from cottonwood roots, and the "spinning bobber," which is equipped with vanes, somewhat like a Devon. It has been discovered that the Steelhead will hit small spoons—that he will, in fact, hit a bare hook which has been festooned with a few threads of fluorescent red or lime-green wool yarn.

All these lures are drifted on the bottom, like the salmon eggs which the skilled and resolute anglers still use. But in this evolution of technique drift fishing grows increasingly sportier—more and more fishermen are adopting a 5-lb. or 6-ounce glass rod

which is stiff in the butt and sensitive in the tip, light monofilament lines (since they are easier to cast), even lighter leaders (to prevent breaking the line itself when the hook snags) and as little weight as possible in the interests of a free and natural drift.

Almost every innovation, in fact, seems to lead drift fishing closer to sporting ideals: a yarn-covered hook, after all, is a sort of wet fly even though it is cast differently and weighted with a bit of lead. And a stubborn and long-suffering minority of purists has meanwhile been borrowing from the drifters to prove that Steelhead, which have long been taken on flies in the warm, summer-run streams, can also be taken with them in the winter when they stay deep in the chill current and when insect life is nonexistent. The trick: "shooting" light monofilament behind quick-sinking fly lines (some of them made of glass) to get distance and depth, and "dredging the bottom" with wet flies in such local patterns as Brad's Brat and Stillgumrah Belle.

WHAT YOU NEED FOR STEELHEADING

SPINNING: Spin-fishermen are gradually taking over the Steelhead scene. Most go for hollow glass rods in 7' to 10-foot lengths with medium-heavy actions. **SHAKE-SPINNER RODS** (\$29.95, 30, CROCK STANBARD) (\$31.99) and **CONVEX AIR-PLINE** (\$16.95, most popular, with wide selection currently on market, ranging in price from \$9.95 to \$125). Good rods may be purchased from \$9.95 to \$44.99, with **CENTRAL RIVER** (\$26.90), **MICHELL 390** (\$29.75) and **ORVIS 390** (\$29.90) in high-end demand. Spoons run fine with 8- to 10-pound monofilament.

BAIT-CASTING: Still present, though in diminishing numbers, bait-casters may from \$2.95 to \$50 for rods, from toward **SOUTH BEND** (\$6.95), **BARON** (\$18.95) and **SAL-FLUX** (\$28.25). The **HEXAGON PAL** (\$18.75) and **FRANZ KNOX SYNCHRO** (\$15) lead field in reel selection, with other reels priced from \$3.25 to \$45. With these most bait-casters use 8- to 10-pound nylon line. Strawberry chumsters of fresh Steelhead roe still holding over, along with cherry bobbers.

FLY-CASTING: **FLYBUGGER MEDALIST** (\$16.50), **SWARD LAURENTIAN** (\$110.00) and **HARM FISHNET** (\$28.00) tops for Steelhead on fly-fishermen's list, along 9' to 9 1/2'-foot, 6- to 7 1/2'-ounce rods. Good fly rods run high, from \$25 to \$148 with **ORVIS** (\$120) and **HEXAGON BLACK BEAUTY** (\$40) popular choices. 9- to 10-pound bucking on GSF or GAF line with tapered leader and streamer probed dead best although backtails doing well.

CLOTHING: Fly boats in demand by northern steelheaders who fear bite of waters into desperately deep, fast water. Top sellers are **CONVERSE** and **GOODRICH** 500-2000 insulated boots; prices range from \$9.95 to \$26. **U.S. BURNER**, **BAISON** and **HOCKMAN** make excellent foul-weather jackets; others run from \$4.95 to \$17.50. Ice-weather makes insulated underwear a must for winter fishermen, with **POLO WARE** (\$29), **WEATHER-ALL** (\$40) popular choices. Jew-El handwarmers (\$3.95 to \$4.95) take care of heavy fingers.

COOKING: Keep temperatures low to avoid shrinkage and loss of juices. Soften two cubes butter, cook in finely minced parsley, chopped onions and minced sliced garlic. Salt and pepper (thickly ground black is best), interior, spread with seasoned butter mixture. Skewer and bake uncovered at 325° Fahrenheit, basting with drippings, until well browned. Or wrap in foil and broil over coals in barbecue pit.

The unique and heartening aspect of the Steelhead struggle, however, is concerned with the life and times of the Steelhead himself. The big trout, who might very well have been on his way to extinction under the present murderous attack, is actually increasing mightily. Thanks to a burly near genius named Clarence Paustke, there are more fish in many streams this year than there were before Steelhead fishing began. Paustke—a former University of Washington football player who is now the Washington State Game Department's chief fisheries biologist—has shrewdly capitalized on two aspects of the Steelhead's life (that he will automatically go to sea when he reaches a certain size and that as a mature fish he needs little or no food in streams) to prove that undomestic runs of big, fighting fish can be installed in any Steelhead river.

The reasoning which led him to his triumph—unprecedented in 3,000 years of fish culture—seems simple enough in retrospect. In stocking any stream, man is limited by the amount of food available; put 2,000 fish in water capable of supporting only 1,000, and half will die or all will be stunted. This is as true of young Steelhead during their formative times in streams as any other trout. But, Paustke thought, why not make the fish in ponds until they actually felt the urge to go to salt water, use the streams merely as a chow to send them out to the ocean's rich feeding grounds, wait two years, and— presto—get back hundreds, thousands, even millions of big, healthy trout?

It has worked. Guided, in part, by some earlier work by Dr. Lauren R. Donaldson, of the University of Washington School of Fisheries, and Thor Gudjonsson is former graduate student, now Director of Fisheries Research for Ireland, Paustke force-feeds his small fish and brings them to the sea-going stage in one year instead of two.

To protect them when they go down-stream, he has banned spring fishing for fresh-water trout on acres of streams. This was a necessity, since a little sea-bound Steelhead is virtually indistinguishable from a legal-size, eight-inch rainbow, but it was not accomplished without setting off a fearful roar of protest from thwarted opening-day anglers. Paustke cunningly stilled the clamor by putting rain-bows in Washington's numerous low-land lakes (where they grew bigger than they ever had in the streams) and by using them to divert and satisfy

continued

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S-361

THE STEELHEAD

continued

the rush of spring trout fishermen. The tons of eight-inch Steelhead which are sloshed into Washington's streams from a huge tank truck each spring no longer need run a gamut of fly rods. By planting one million fish a year, Pautzke has added 100,000 gleaming Steelhead (which some fishermen call Pautzke's Pets) to the normal run. With more money and more equipment he expects to produce a million lusty big fish; Oregon and British Columbia are, meanwhile, instituting downstream stocking programs, too.

This philosophy of producing rather than conserving fish is at the heart of the whole ensuing Steelhead boom, and its greatest departure from the attitudes and methods of Eastern and European salmon culture. Pautzke, a man who looks, and often talks like a Cowitz Valley logger, would doubtless shake the very soul of a conservation-minded Scottish laird. He haunts the streams, often with rod in hand, and exalts at the sight of Steelhead on the bank. "Look at those beautiful bastards," he sometimes shouts. "Catch them all. There's more where they came from!"

The Steelhead, himself, puts it differently. "Catch me," he says with his first leap, "if you can." **END**



GOING HOME, successful Steelheader trails his heavy trophy through a field of snow.

WRESTLING: END AT ITHACA

Sinc

I have read with great interest Sports ILLUSTRATED's article on amateur wrestling at Haverford School in Philadelphia and note their excellent seven-year record (31, Feb. 28). However, I would like to call your attention to the much better 11-year record of Ithaca High School, which has won 112, tied one and lost only two—all of these being their first meet.

Ithaca High is the perennial champion of northern and central New York and has beaten some of the best wrestling schools on Long Island and in Pennsylvania as well. Ithaca would certainly rate as among the best in New York. Why not come up and see one of our standing-room-only crowds?

Gordon G. Grunice

Associate Professor of Entomology
New York State College of Agriculture
Cornell University

Ithaca, New York

WRESTLING: THE VIEW FROM THE HILL

Sinc

I believe without a doubt that our team could without any difficulty challenge Haverford. The Hill School wrestling team is one of the finest teams in the East as far as high school and prep school teams are concerned. Not only is our team top, but our wrestling equipment is the best to be found anywhere.

GARLAND WILSON III

Potomac, Pa.

WRESTLING: IS STRAIGHT FOR MERRIM

Sinc

Granted the Haverford School may have a first record in winning 88 of 89 dual meets wrestled over the last seven years, but I doubt they deserved your article as much as does Merrim High School of North Belmore, New York.

Over the span of some 56-odd years they have taken 284 of 285 dual meets. This year Merrim went through the season undefeated in 18 meets, including a victory over the Hill School, current prep champion for eight years.

GREG LA BORD

Merrick, N.Y.

WRESTLING: FORWARD WITH FAIR LAWN

Sinc

I believe that Fair Lawn has had just as good a record in the last five years as any wrestling team. Last year they had a very good season and continued this year undefeated.

MERRIN KILBURN

Fair Lawn, N.J.

CROW: THE REAL BAN

Sinc

In recent months you have given much attention to the attempts of the NCAA to clean up subsidization of college athletes, nodding approval as these scuttling-gait artists have blatted the athletic programs at Washington, UCLA, USC, Texas A&M and others.

But in the interest of real justice, let us consider the effects upon athletes other than football players at these schools. A track man (or basketball or tennis player) is told, in effect, "You have done nothing

wrong, but the football players are being paid. Therefore you cannot play in any NCAA or other postseason event." A truly amateur athlete suffers the same penalty as the glibly athletes who get the under-the-table loot.

The most recent—and flagrant—example of injustice from this shocking subsidization on the part of these "leading educators" is the ban upon Washington's crew, which now cannot compete in the IRA Regatta (31, Feb. 28). Anyone anywhere near the situation knows that crewmen are never paid a nickel. The sport brings in no gate receipts. But, as one NCAA official was quoted, "If they had a volleyball team we'd say we'd ban them, too."

The time has come to expose the NCAA bigwigs for the irresponsible marionettes that they are. A university is made up of individuals, and anyone given the power to pass judgment upon his athletes should take steps to protect the innocent as well as punish the guilty.

RAYMOND F. RYAN JR.

Seattle

CROW: THIS IS JUSTICE?

Sinc

As an ex-Washington junior varsity row captain, I find the NCAA's decision to ban the Huskies from the IRA Regatta absolutely incredible.

This race is the goal captain row hundreds of miles a year to prepare for, the reason for rowing for many captains I know. This unfortunate decision can hurt rowing badly.

I realize the NCAA has a number of rules it must adhere to, but, if they have any knowledge at all of the integrity and dedication of the Washington crew, surely they cannot call this decision a just one. Rowing has enjoyed a reputation as a sport of anonymity for the individual, where the personal satisfaction comes from knowing everyone has worked well and hand-together. No other sport but rowing has such deeply dedicated followers, pure amateurs and proud of it.

LEWIS, DAVID T. FRATT, USMC

Quantico, Va.

TENNIS: KIND AND GENEROUS

Sinc

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's article, "The Third World's of Siris Trickett" (31, Feb. 28) was a wonderful portrait of one of the all-time greats in baseball history. It was interesting to see how he spent his two other lives.

I also think that this story is one of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's best word portraits and should not be forgotten. This story is of a simple American and expresses his kindness, generosity and character.

RICHARD F. KOENIG

Pittsburgh

TENNIS: MARCH MONKS FROM MR. BALL

Sinc

You ran one more article about Tabetts, and I'll cancel my subscription, and I mean it! I'm sick of reading about how this arrogant tall talker is a great manager and gentleman! What did Tabetts tell his pitcher to do to Joe Adcock last year? He yelled, "Strike it in his ear!" And several

of the Braves, the umpires and Adcock himself heard it! The umpire warned Tabetts about it, and Adcock had to be restrained from tearing Tabetts apart after the game!

And who was it whose pitch struck poor Dan Rizzuto last year, "accidentally" or not? A big league pitcher isn't that wild.

I hate that Tabetts worse than I ever despised anybody! Write him up in every town again, and you lose a subscriber!

M. D. BALL

Springfield, Mass.

TENNIS: SHARED LOVE

Sinc

Congratulations to Photographer John G. Zimmerman for his heartwarming picture of Billie Tabetts and his daughters. I keep going back to it.

The Pittsburgh Pirates have to share my love with the Cincinnati Reds for this year.

JAMES STEAM

Los Angeles

IRON LEGS: WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK

Sinc

I think your article on Iron Legs (31, Feb. 28) is amazing. My friends and I all wonder how Sports ILLUSTRATED knew that Iron Legs would become a Derby contender. I also think the pictures were wonderful.

FRANK MARR

Detroit

■ There is always some luck in a memorable horse race or a memorable horse

story, but an educated guess helps. Calumet is one of the world's great stables with such past champions as Citation, Countdown and Whirlaway. The sire of the colt SPORTS ILLUSTRATED selected is Hall Lee, winner of the Widener, Blue Grass Stake and Anturan Handicap, and his dam is Iron Maiden. Among the 32 colts foaled that year at Calumet are Iron Liege, Gen. Duke, Barbarian and four other nominees for this year's Kentucky Derby, a truly amazing crop.—ED.

ROUND 2: ACADEMY AFTER THE FACT

Sinc

How true, how true. Due to neglect on my part I failed to read the article on the Sutton-Smith championship match till the day after the fight. Your story was so true word for word, I was glad I waited to read it, as I think it would have spoiled my reading knowing exactly what to expect. Thanks.

Tom McIlrath

St. Louis

BOXING: THE SERVINGS

Sinc

Abe Attell (74) is not the oldest former boxing champion still living. Jack Root, now 78, former light heavyweight champion, appeared on TV a few weeks ago.

JOHN C. FULLER

San Valley, Calif.

■ Right. And Jess Willard is 75.—ED.

PAT ON THE BACK

ELOISE JONES

Melody Acres is the 25-acre horse-breeding ranch at the foot of Mt. Diablo near Walnut Creek, Calif., where this slim and youthful grandmother, known familiarly as Pat, is matriarch of all she surveys. Wife of an Oakland building contractor, Mrs. Jones is sole owner and operator of Melody. Many of her own horses run on western tracks, but her primary interest lies in breeding and training fine horses and treating sick and injured Thoroughbreds. Currently her modern 24-stall barn is a full house, with about half the tenants in need of her practiced care. Some of the patients are from her own string, some from other owners. Eager aides around the stable area are the Joneses' grandchildren, Kathi and Kimberley, who will volunteer for anything. Mrs. Jones is proud that in the 12 years she has been operating her farm, assisted by a professional trainer and two helpers, she has raised 22 colts and has nursed 100 sick Thoroughbreds back to health. The only tough thing about her life is that she becomes so fond of all her animals. "I cry when they are claimed by their new owners at the end of a race."



MRS. JONES RUNS A 25-ACRE HORSE-BREEDING RANCH IN THE HILLS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA



AN INJURED LEG GETS PERSONAL ATTENTION



KATHI AND KIMBERLEY HELP WITH THE JOHNS IN GRANDMOTHER'S MODERN 24-STALL BARN

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's growth in other
advertising classifications, as reported by F.I.B.

<u>Classification</u>	<u>1955 Pages</u>	<u>1956 Pages</u>
<u>Apparel, Footwear & Accessories</u>		
Ready-to-wear	79	145
Underwear, Foundations & Bras	7	13
Footwear	40	63
Apparel, Fabrics & Finishes	19	56
Apparel (Men's & Women's)	23	62
Sportswear	60	89
<u>Financial</u>	1	5
<u>Manufacturers' Materials & Supplies</u>	4	21
<u>Confectionery & Soft Drinks</u>	3	9
<u>Beer, Wine, & Liquor</u>		
Beer	21	27
Liquor	52	132
<u>Smoking Materials</u>	39	41
Cigarettes	35	34
<u>Jewelry, Optical Goods and Cameras</u>	29	43
<u>Entertainment & Amusements</u>	12	12
<u>Automotive, Automotive Accessories & Equipment</u>		
Passenger Cars & Vehicles	82	90
Tires & Tubes	30	39
<u>Gasoline, Lubricants & Other Fuels</u>	25	22
<u>Aviation, Aviation Accessories & Equipment</u>	1	4
<u>Travel, Hotels & Resorts</u>		
Passenger Travel	10	23
Airline	4	16
Resorts & Travel Accommodations	28	45

(also see other side)

More SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
growth information, for the record:

P.I.B. ranks magazines in 29 different
industry classifications.

In 1955, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ranked among the top 25 magazines
in 10 of these classifications
...among the top 20 in 10 of them
...among the top 15 in 7 of them
...among the top 10 in 2 of them

In 1956, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ranked among the top 25 magazines
in 13 of these classifications
...among the top 20 in 10 of them
...among the top 15 in 8 of them
...among the top 10 in 5 of them



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